# THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 55—No. 24. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, June 18, 1873. Established 1818.



**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $100 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged ten cents a line for each insertion.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.


## Business Directory.

### BEAVER.

F. H. AGNEW. J. M. BUCHANAN.

**AGNEW & BUCHANAN, Attorneys at Law,**

Third Street, Beaver, Penn'a.
oct9-1y Opposite the Argus office.

**J. F. DUNLAP,**

Attorney at Law. Office in the Court House, Beaver, Pa. All business promptly attended to.
(may6 '73-1y.

J. W. WILLIAMS' Tonsorial Saloon, Beaver, Pa. Hair Cutting, Dying, Shampooning, &c., executed in the most approved Styles. An easy shave and clean towels guaranteed. may21-1y

DR. THOS. DONEHOO will practice his profession in Beaver and surrounding country. Office in the Border building, 3d street, Beaver, Pa. apr23-1yr

M. & J. LAWRENCE—Physician and Surgeons Office, in room formerly occupied by U. S. Revenue Assessor, 3d Street, Beaver, Pa. apr16-1y

J. W. MILLER—Physician and Surgeon. Office as that formerly occupied by Drs. McKiney & Lawrence—Residence, Dr. McNutt's house. 49-1y

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK neatly and expeditiously executed at the Argus office.

O. A. SMALL—Attorney at law, Beaver, Pa. Office in the Court House. dec25-tf

JOHN B. YOUNG, Attorney at Law. Office and residence on Third st., east of the Court House. Business promptly attended to. apr27-1y

J. H. McCREERY, Attorney at Law. Office on Third st., below the Court House. All business promptly attended to. jy22, '70tf

JAMES H. CUNNINGHAM, Attorney at Law. Office east end of Third street, Beaver, Pa. mar30'70:1y

HENRY MERZ, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots, Shoes and Gaiters; Main st. (sep28:1y

BEAVER DRUG STORE, Hugo Andriessen & Druggist & Apothecary, Main st. Prescriptions carefully compounded. (sep28:1y

### NEW BRIGHTON.

CHAS. COALE, Dealer in paints, oil, glass, nails, plate-glass, looking-glasses, frames, garden and flower-seeds and fancy fowls. Falls street, New Brighton. sep27'71-1y

WISENER & BINGHAM, Manufacturers of carriages, buggies, spring-wagons, buck-wagons and vehicles of every description, Bridge St. Both practical workmen. Successors to George Metz. mar6ly

F. CANGNECHER, dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Repairing neatly executed, Broadway, near Falls-st. nov17'71-1y

J. W. NIPPERT, Baker & Confectioner, Ice-cream, Oysters and Game in season. Balls, Parties, Weddings, &c., supplied. nov21.

WM. WALLACE, Dealer in Italian & American Marble; Manufactures Monuments, Gravestones & a'ahs at reasonable prices. Railroad st., near new Depot, New Brighton. [sep27

DON TON RESTAURANT and Eating Saloon; meales at all hours; table supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Prices low. Wm. Stickland, cor. of Paul and Broadway. my24'71-1y

S. & J. SNELLENBERG, Merchant Tailors.—Broadway, New Brighton. Sew 27 (66)y

H. NOSS, Photographer. Wilson's Block, Broadway. Best photographs from re-touched negatives. (sep'4:1y

### BEAVEB FALLS.

WM. ROBERTSON, Dealer in the justly celebrated Domestic Sewing Machine. Ladies call and be convinced. Main st., B. Falls. (sp27

STEVENSON & WITTISH, Land Office, 198 Penn St., Pittsburgh, and Beaver Falls, Beaver Co., Pa. aug28:1y.

D. STEWART & SON, Dealers in Yankee Notions, &c., Main St., Beaver Falls. sep13:1y

### BRIDGEWATER.

I. WEINMAN, Manufacture of Boots and Shoes. Bridge St., Bridgewater. (sep27:1y

J. BALTOS Shady-Side Photograph Gallery, 2d floor, Dunlap's corner, opposite toll bridge, Bridgewater, Pa. apr16-1y

A. BREHM, Bridge street, Bridgewater, Pa., Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver-Ware, Spectacles, &c. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired. [feb15 '71:y

DANIEL MILLER, Fashionable Tailor. None but experienced workmen employed. Shop on Bridge st., Bridgewater, Pa. feb8'71:1y.

C. HURST, Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Furs, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Trimmings, Bridge St., Bridgewater, Pa. sep14:1y

### ROCHESTER.

W. W. JOHNSON—Dealer in Wall Paper of all kinds; Oil-Cloth; Window Blinds; Trunks; Satchels; Baskets; Toy Carts; Wagons; Chairs and Toys of every description. Near Depot nov29-1y.

DONCASTER HOUSE.—David Wolf Proprietor. *Pro Bono Publico.* R. R. Street, near station. nov28-tf.

THOS. KENNEDY & CO. (successors to Wm. Buechling,) Druggists and Chemists. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. In the Diamond, Rochester.

WILL SMITH & CO., Fancy Dry Goods, Notions and Millinery, Madison st., near Diamond, Rochester, Pa. (sep14:1y

HENRY LAPP, Manufacturer and Dealer in all Furniture of all kinds. Brighton st., above Plow Factory, Rochester. (sep14:1y

SAMUEL G. HANNEN, Druggist. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Water st., Rochester. (sep14:1y

SPEYERER & SONS, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Grain, Boat stores, Iron & Nails. Cor Water & James sts.

MILLER & CO., Contractors and Builders, Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Shutters &c. Deal in Lumber Lath &c. Rochester. [sep21:1y

SCOTT, BOYLE & WILLIAMS, Successors to C. Lukins & Co., Dealers in Sawed and Planed Lumber, Lath & Shingles, Rochester. sp28:1y

STEFFLER & CLARK, proprietors of Johnston House. Good accommodations and good stables. Near R. R. Depot. oct19:1y

### ALLEGHENY CITY.

DR. R. S. WINANS, Electrical Physician; Chronic diseases made a specialty. Office, 157 Washington avenue, Allegheny City, Pa. [sep14:1y

### MISCELLANEOUS.

J. B. SNEAD, Freedom, Beaver county, Pa., dealer in Sawed and Planed LUMBER of all kinds. Flats and Barges built to order. jan9'71-1y

JOHN THORNILEY, Manufacturer of the Great Republic Cooking Stove, and Patentee of Portable extension top and centre. Fallston, Pa.

N. D. CONE, M. D., Late of Darlington, having removed to New-Brighton, offers his medical services in all its branches, to the people of the city and surrounding country. Office corner of Butler and Broadway. sep13:1y

**W. W. BARKER,**

Successor to Barker & Haselline,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

**CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS,**

*Engravings Lithographs, Plain and Colored, Photographs,* Passe Partouts, Mouldings and Picture Frames of all kinds, 87 Fifth Avenue, 13 doors above Smithfield st., Pittsburgh, Pa. [mas'72:1e

**Homes Still Larger**

FOR THE MILLION!

Rare opportunities are now offered for securing ones in a *mild, healthy,* and *congenial* climate for one third of their value five years hence. THE NATIONAL REAL ESTATE AGENCY has for sale real estate of every description, located in the Middle and Southern States; *improved stock, grain* and *fruit* farms; *rice, sugar* and *cotton* plantations; *timber* and *mineral* lands; *city, village,* and *rural* residence, and *business* stands; *mills* and *mill sites, factories,* &c.

Write for *Land Register* containing description, location, price and terms of properties we have for sale. Address—B. W. CLARKE & CO.

*The National Real Estate Agency,*
*Cor. 4½ Penna Avenue, Washington, D. C.*
may3-3m.

**Agents Wanted.**

Wanted immediately, four active, energetic men to act as Agents, for the "NEW" WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE in *this county.* Only such men as can give good reference as to character and ability, and furnish a *Bond* need apply. We will pay *guaranteed salaries,* or *liberal commissions,* to *proper men.* Only such men as *really desire* to enter the business need apply. WM. SUMNER & CO., No 140 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. [march'y

**AVOID QUACKS AND IMPOSTORS**

No Charge for Advice and Consultation.

Dr. J. B. Dyott, Graduate of *Jefferson Medical College,* Philadelphia, author of several valuable works, can be consulted on all diseases of the Sexual or Urinary Organs, (which he has made an especial study) either in male or female, no matter from what cause originating or of how long standing. A practice of 30 years enables him to treat disease with success. Cures guaranteed. Charges reasonable. Those at a distance can forward letters describing symptoms and enclosing stamp to prepay postage.

Send for the *Guide to Health.* Price 10 cents.

J. B. DYOTT, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, 104 Duane St., New York.
oct5 1y]

**$50,000 Reward!**

Will be distributed to subscribers to the AMERICAN WORKING PEOPLE in 1873. It is the only Workingman's Tariff Monthly; has 16 large quarto pages with Illustrations.

*Every Subscriber Gets a Premium,*

varying from 25 cents in value to $500 in greenbacks. Among the premiums are 2 of $500 in greenbacks; 2 of $300; 10 of $100; 100 of $10; 500 of $5; 5 Parlor Organs, $250 each; 10 Sewing Machines, $80 each, 50 American Watches, $40 each besides many thousand of smaller premiums, only $1 50 per year, sent on trial three months for 25 cents. Send for specimen to

CAPRON & CO.,
apr2-3m Box 5, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**H. NOSS, PHOTOGRAPHER**

nov6tf

**New Upholstering House.**

THEOPHILUS ROLLER,

150 OHIO STREET, ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.,

Begs to notify the trade and public generally that he has opened the above business with a fine stock of Parlor Furniture as his specialty. His patent Reversable Spring Mattress is manufactured and for sale by him. Send for Price List.
5-7-3m.

## Insurance.

**ALPS INSURANCE COMPANY**

*OF ERIE, PA.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Cash Capital | $250,000 00 |
| Assets, Oct. 9, '71, | 311,948 29 |
| Liabilities, - - - | 5,200 00 |

O. NOBLE, President; J. P. VINCENT, Vice Pt.
H. W. WOODS, Treasurer;
THOS. F. GOODRICH, Secretary.

DIRECTORS:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hon. O Noble, | Erie, | Hon. Geo. B. Delameter, | |
| J W Hammond, | do | Meadville, Pa. | |
| Hon Selden Marvin, | do | Hon J P Vincent, | Erie |
| Hiram Daggett, | do | Henry Rewie | do |
| Charles H Reed, | do | G T Churchill | do |
| H S Southard, | do | Capt J S Richards | do |
| W B Sterritt, | do | Richard O'Brian, | do |
| H W Noble, | do | F H Gibbs, | do |
| J Englehart, | do | John B Cochran, | do |
| J H. Neil, | do | M Hartlebph, | do |
| W H Abbott, Titusville, | | Capt D P Dobbins, | do |
| | | Jno Fertig, Titusville, | |

Policies issued at fair rates and liberal terms. Insures against damage by Lightning as well as Fire.
CHAS. R. HURST, Ag't.
Rochester, Pa., Dec. 30, 1871; 1y

G. L. EBERHART.....W. L. BEDISON.

**A Word With You!**

If you want to buy property,
If you want to sell property,
If you want your house insured,
If you want your goods insured,
If you want your life insured,
If you want to insure against accident,
If you want to lease your house,
If you want to hire a house,
If you want to buy a farm,
If you want to sell a farm,
If you want any legal writing done,
Do not fail to call at the office of

**Eberhart & Bedison,**
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS
AND
**Real Estate Brokers,**
No. 223 Broadway, New-Brighton,
aug2-tf Beaver county, Penn.

## Professional Cards.

**GILBERT L. EBERHART.**
**Attorney at Law,**

Will give prompt attention to collections, procuring bounties and pensions, buying and selling real estate, etc.

Office on Broadway, opposite R. E. & H. Hoopes' Banking House, New Brighton, Beaver Co., Pa.
sep 6tf

JAMES CAMERON. JOHN Y. MARKS.

**CAMERON & MARKS.**

**Attorneys at Law**
**And Real Estate Agents,**
*Rochester, Pa.,*

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care, and have superior facilities for buying and selling real estate. dec11:1y

**T. J. CHANDLER,**
Dentist, will continues to perform all operations in the dental profession at his office, Beaver station, Rochester. All who favor him with a call may expect to have their work done in the best possible manner, and the most reasonable terms.

The books of the late firm of T. J. CHANDLER & SON are in his hands, where all who have accounts will please call immediately and settle the same. may1'72:1y.

**Dentistry.**

**Dr. J. Murray** of Bridgewater, is determined that no Dentist in the State shall do work better or cheaper than he offers it to his patrons.—He uses the best materials manufactured in the United States. Gold and silver filling performed in a style that defies competition. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations, or the money returned. Give him a trial. feb2:1y

## Manufacturers.

**POINT PLANING MILLS,**

WATER ST., ROCHESTER, PA.

**HENRY WHITEFIELD,**

MANUFACTURER OF

*Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Floor-boards, Weather-boards, Palings Brackets, &c., &c. Also,*

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND BUILDING TIMBER.

Having purchased the the territorial interest of Mr J. C. Anderson, owner of the several patents covering certain improvements in the construction and joining of weatherboards and linings for houses and other buildings, we are the only persons authorized to make and sell the same within the limits of Beaver county. Parties interested will please observe this.

*Carpenters' Supplies Constantly Kept on Hand.*

Every manner of Shop-Work made to order. oct4:1y

**FALLSTON**

**Foundry & Repair Shop.**

Having been Engaged in the Foundry Business for more than thirty years,—during which time I have accumulated a variety of useful patterns, besides constructing models and taking out patents for improvements on

**COOKING - STOVES**

—and after having thoroughly tested these improvements, I feel warranted in offering them to the public.

**PLOWS,**

**The GREAT WESTERN has no Superior for this Locality.**

**STOVES,**

Stoves of Different Styles for Heating and Cooking,

**The Great Republic ooki ng Stove**

Has the best Record of any Stove ever offered in this market.

IT TAKES LESS FUEL,

LESS ROOM TO DO MORE WORK,

**BEST BAKER,**

**MOST DURABLE**

*ALTOGETHER*

THE BEST STOVE IN USE

In connection with the stove I have got up a Patent

**EXTENSION TOP,**

which occupies little room, no additional fuel, and is not liable to wear out, dispenses with all pipe, can be put on or taken off at any time, and made to suit all stoves of any size or pattern.

**Five Hundred Persons**

Who have purchased and used the

**GREAT REPUBLIC COOKING STOVE,**

Most of whose names have been published in the Argus, are confidently referred to, to bear witness of its superior merits as a cooking stove.

Having three first class engines on hand, of about fifteen horse power capacity, they are offered to the public at reasonable rates.
JOHN THORNILEY.
apr20:tf.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR SALE

SITUATED 1-2 MILE BELOW BEAVER,

and having a delightful view of the Ohio river and surrounding country; 1 mile from R. R. Station; house brick, two stories high, 4 rooms, attic, hall, cellar, porch, etc.; all finished; wash-house, smoke-house, well of water at the kitchen door; new barn and stable with cellar. Nice paling fence in front of property; all well painted; good orchard in bearing condition, grapes, plumbs, cherries, gooseberries, and all kinds of small fruit. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply on the premises to the owner, J. M. GRAHAM.
mar5-tf

## Dry Goods.

**A. W. ERWIN & CO.** [D Reisinger

IMPORTERS

Jobbers

AND

RETAILERS

—OF—

**DRY-GOODS,**

**JOB LOTS**

FROM

**EASTERN**

**AUCTION**

**SALES**

**Nos. 172 and 174,**

**Federal Street,**

**Allegheny**

**CITY.**

pec18-1y

## Insurance.

**ROCHESTER**

**Fire Insurance Company.**

INCORPORATED by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, February, 1873. Office one door east of Rochester Savings Bank, Rochester, Beaver county, Pa.

People of Beaver county can now have their property insured against loss or damage by fire, at fair rates, in a safe and

RELIABLE HOME COMPANY,

thereby avoiding the expense, trouble and delay incident to the adjustment of losses by companies located at a distance.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

| | |
|---|---|
| J. V. M'Donald. | George C. Speyerer, |
| Samuel B. Wilson, | Lewis Schneider, |
| William Kennedy, | John Grebing, |
| Marshall M'Donald | R. B. Edgar, |
| M. Camp, Jr., | C. B. Hurst, |
| David Lowry | Henry Uecking. |

OFFICERS:
GEO. C. SPEYERER, Pres't.
J. V. M'DONALD, *V. Pres't.*
H. J. SPEYERER, *Treas.*
JOHN GREBING, JR., *Sec'y.* jy31:1y

**Chas. B. Hurst's**

INSURANCE

AND

**General Agency Office,**

*NEAR THE DEPOT*

ROCHESTER, PENNA.

**Notary Public and Conveyancer;**

FIRE, LIFE, and ACCIDENT INSURANCE; "Anchor" and "National" Lines of Ocean Steamers; "Adams" and "Union" Express Agent.

All kinds of Insurance at fair rates and liberal terms. Real Estate bought and sold. Deeds, Mortgages, Articles, &c., written; Depositions and Acknowledgements taken, &c., &c. Goods and Money forwarded to all parts of the United States and Canada. Passengers booked to and from England, Ireland, Scotland, France and Germany.

***ÆTNA FIRE INS. CO.,***

Of Hartford, Conn.,

Cash assetts.....$6,000,000

"By their fruits ye know them."

Losses paid to Jan. 1, 1871....$28,000,000

One of the oldest and wealthiest Companies in the world.

***NIAGARA Insurance Co.,***

Of New York.

Cash assetts,.....$1,500,000

***ANDES FIRE INS. CO.,***

Of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Cash assetts,.....$1,500,000

***ENTERPRISE INS. CO.,***

Of Philadelphia.

Cash assetts over.....$600,000

***LANCASTER Fire Ins. Co.***

Of Lancaster, Pa.

Cash assetts.....$240,000

***ALPS INSURANCE CO.,***

Of Erie, Penna.

Cash capital,.....$250,000

***HOME LIFE INS. CO,***

Of New York

Cash assets,.....$8,500,000

***Travelers' Life & Accident Insurance Co.,***

Of Hartford, Conn.

Cash assetts over.....$1,500,000.

**Representing** the above first class Insurance Companies, acknowledged to be amongst the best and most reliable in the world, and representing a gross cash capital of nearly $16,000,000, I am enabled to take insurance to any amount desired. Applications promptly attended to, and Policies written without delay, and at fair rates and liberal terms. *Losses liberally adjusted and promptly paid.* INSURE TO DAY! By one day's delay you may lose the savings of years. Delays are dangerous, and life uncertain; therefore, Insure *to-day!* "*One to-day, is worth two to-morrows.*" Quality, also, is of the utmost importance. The low priced, worthless article, always proves the dearest. The above companies are known to be amongst the best and wealthiest in the world.—"As ye sow that shall you reap."

Grateful for the very liberal patronage already bestowed, I hope—by a strict attention to a legitimate business—not only to merit a continuance of the same, but a large increase the present year.

Mr. STEPHEN A. CRAIG is duly authorized to take applications for Insurance and receive the premium for the same in adjoining townships.

**CHAS. B. HURST,**
Near Depot, Rochester, Pa. [je14:1y

## Railroads.

**RAILROADS.**—PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.—Condensed Time Table from December 22, 1872.

July 1 '71.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

| STATIONS. | No. 1. Fst Ex | No. 5. Mail. | No. 7. Pac Ex | No. 3. Nit Ex |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburgh | 142AM | 900AM | 910AM | 1250PM |
| Rochester | 252 | 730 | 1025 | 340 |
| Alliance | 515 | 1100 | 1110PM | 305 |
| Orrville | 651 | 1029PM | 327 | 726 |
| Mansfield | 855 | 218 | 509 | 911 |
| Crestline { A | 920 | 400 | 540 | 940 |
| Crestline { D | 940 | 555AM | 600 | 950 |
| Forest | 1028 | 640 | 735 | 1115 |
| Lima | 1208PM | 900 | 915 | 1217AM |
| Fort Wayne | 340 | 2150 | 1205AM | 345 |
| Plymouth | 445 | 235PM | 1256 | 508 |
| Chicago | 750 | 850 | 650 | 930 |

TRAINS GOING EAST.

| STATIONS. | No. 6. Mail. | No. 2. Fst Ex | No. 6. Pac Ex | No. 4. Nit Ex |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago | 515AM | 930AM | 830PM | 930PM |
| Plymouth | 915 | 1202PM | 855 | 918AM |
| Fort Wayne | 1230PM | 220 | 1120 | 600 |
| Lima | 345 | 407 | 1173AM | 928AM |
| Forest | 400 | 508 | 227 | 927 |
| Crestline { A | 535 | 630 | 405 | 1110 |
| Crestline { D | 550AM | 650 | 415 | 1120AM |
| Mansfield | 640 | 719 | 443 | 1205PM |
| Orrville | 916 | 920 | 637 | 213 |
| Alliance | 1150 | 1140 | 885 | 430 |
| Rochester | 1220AM | 1210AM | 1049 | 605 |
| Pittsburgh | 400 | 230 | 1145AM | 800 |

☞ No. 1 daily except Monday; Nos. 2, 4, 5, 7 & 8, daily, except Sunday; Nos. 3 & 6, daily.
P. R. MYERS, General Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

On and after Dec. 22, 1872, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXP. & | ACCOM |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cleveland | 830AM | 155PM | 405PM |
| Hudson | 941 " | 308 | 543 |
| Ravenna | 1013 | 333 | 553 |
| Alliance | 1105 | 413 | 640 |
| Bayard | 1150 | 444 | |
| Wellsville | 110PM | 600 | |
| Pittsburgh | 340 | 820 | |

GOING NORTH.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXP. & | ACCOM |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburgh | 630AM | 115PM | |
| Wellsville | 855 | 315 | |
| Bayard | 1025 | 450 | |
| Alliance | 1125 | 515 | 725AM |
| Ravenna | 1208PM | 553 | 815 |
| Hudson | 1241 | 633 | 905 |
| Cleveland | 155 | 730 | 1025 |

Leaves. Arrives.
Bayard 12:10 & 5:00 p. m. | N. Philad. 3:00 & 7:30 p.m.
N. Phila. 8:40 a.m. & 1p.m. | Bayard 9:45 a.m. & 4 p.m.

RIVER DIVISION.

GOING EAST.

| STATIONS. | ACCOM | MAIL. | EXP'S | ACCOM |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bellair | 545AM | 1050AM | 335PM | |
| Bridgeport | 655 | 1100 | 345 | |
| Steubenville | 837 | 1207PM | 445 | |
| Wellsville | 815 | 130 | 620 | |
| Rochester | 930 | 235 | 715 | |
| Pittsburgh | 1040 | 340 | 830 | |

GOING WEST.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXP'S. | ACCOM | ACCOM |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburgh | 630AM | 115PM | 425PM | |
| Rochester | 740 | 230 | 530 | |
| Wellsville | 850 | 330 | 700 | |
| Steubenville | 950 | 420 | 800 | |
| Bridgeport | 1100 | 525 | 905 | |
| Bellair | 1120 | 540 | 920 | |

F. R. MYERS,
*General Passenger and Ticket Agent.*

## Manufacturers.

**J. B. SNEAD**

*Has now in operation a new*

SAW AND PLANING MILL

IN FREEDOM, PA.,

Having the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of

**FLOORING,**

**SIDING**

**LATH &C. &C.**

and is now prepared to attend to the building and repairing of

**Steamboats, Barges, Flats, &c., &c.**

Keeping constantly on hand a superior quality of Lumber. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. All orders promptly executed. [aug2-1y

WILLIAM MILLER, ------ JACOB TRAX,

*PLANING MILL.*

**MILLER & TRAX,**

*Manufacturers and Dealers in*

**Dressed Lumber,**

SASH, DOORS, SHUTTERS, SIDING, FLOORING, MOULDINGS, &c

**Scroll Sawing and Turning** *DONE TO ORDER,*

ORDERS BY MAIL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED, AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

*Mill Opposite the Railroad Station,*
**ROCHESTER, PENN'A.**
april 19 '71; 1y

**Brighton Paper Mills,**

BEAVER FALLS, PENN'A.

**PRINTING,**

***MANNILLA,***

**ROOFING, BAILING,**

**Hardware, Glass, Straw.**

RAG AND CARPET

**PAPERS.**

**MANUFACTURED**

**And Sold At**

**Wholesale & Retail by**

**Frazier, Metzger & Co.,**

**82 Third Avenue,**

PITTSBURGH

☞ Rags taken in exchange. [sep19;'62

## Boots and Shoes.

**CARPETS**

FOR 1873.

We are now offering, and will continue to offer through the year, the

FINEST STYLES OF CARPETS

the market will produce, at prices as attractive as the goods. Our stock will be larger and choicer this year that ever before. All needing

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, SHADES MATTINGS, &c.,

will be well suited at

**BOVARD, ROSE & CO'S,**

**21 Fifth Avenue,**

PITTSBURGH, PA.

mar12-3m:chd sep-3m

JOHN P. DEAN,

Wholesale Dealer in

**HARDWARE**

AND

**CUTLERY,**

**81 Wood Street,**

**PITTSBURGH.**

BLACKSMITH and CARPENTER TOOLS, RAKES, SCYTHES, SNATHES, HOES and FORKS; Finest assortment of CUTLERY in the city; together with a large and complete assortment of HARDWARE, suitable for the trade at *Greatly Reduced Rates.* [5-7-6m.

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

# A THORN IN HIS SIDE.

## CHAPTER I.

FROM MR. BASIL KEITH TO HIS FRIEND MR. STEVEN FORESTER.

END-OF-THE-WORLD, July 16.

*My Dear Steve*—Whether you are driving a four-in-hand magnificence at Newport; whether you are saying things you don't mean by moonlight on damp rocks; whether you are ambling over a ball-room floor while the thermometer tries to show people how it feels to spend a summer in Afghanistan; whether you are smoking a cigar that is a poem; briefly, Steven, no matter what you are doing that is nice to do, leave off doing it, my dear fellow, and heed my lamentation.

It will appear to you at first to possess pronounced pathos. It is not all a lamentation of a stereotyped nature. You might bring to bear upon it an eternity of guessing without once being "warm," as the children say.

For a time, Steven, it is not so many things. It is not that I am ceasing at present to adore Christie precisely as I adored her on the 10th of last May, when you paid me the honor of being my best man. It is not that I have failed to find my incomplet (one feels forced to coin the diminutive) a perfect amplitude here in our serene green End-of-the-World; meadowy, sequestered bucolic; or that a longing remembrance ever troubles me of those unblessed bachelor hours when I lounged through life in weary oneness, Bacchanalianizing too much at the club about three nights a week, now and then maltreating my pocket at the card table, and mostly following your own noble plan, Steven, of trying to squeeze a few scanty drops of enjoyment from that kneaded, smashed, drained out orange called society. Again, it is not—

But never mind what it was not. Let me concern myself with what it is. Give ear. Sympathise. I need sympathy most cravingly, for the reason that my misery is sometimes troubled with (yes, I own it) wretched doubts as to whether the case be really as harrowing a one as I, the sufferer, suppose.

We were so happy before she came. She did not swoop down upon our lamb-like domestic peace at all in the vulpine way of the Assyrian. She came, rather, with the sly, suspicionless crawl of the panther. Will it be an admissible stretching of metaphor to state that she has carried away within her fierce jaws my entire household comfort. Hardly, I suppose, as she yet remains. If she would only go, I should not much care what she carried off; not even were her departure to leave us forkless, spoonless, tureenless.

Her name is Ulrica Murdoch. She is an own cousin of Christie's. I found her one day in the parlor, having hold of both Christie's hands, and stating that she had had extreme difficulty in finding End-of-the-World. You know what a little blonde mannikin dear Christie is. Well, this Murdoch creature is of nearly masculine height, has a figure that is superb for those who do not think quantity in such cases a drawback to quality, carries her majestic head like the queen of somewhere, is nearly as brown as certain quadroons I have seen, possesses eyes black and brilliant enough to have flashed from a Madrid balcony, and wears masses of purplish, nightlike hair. Imagine the contrast between my sunny little Christie and this daughter of darkness.

As soon as amazement permitted me to recollect anything, I recollected that Christie had more than once spoken of her cousin Ulrica. During our engagement and marriage this young lady has been abroad. Her return was very unexpected. I think it most probable that as soon as the steamer touched land she had yearnings after Christie and End-of-the-World. Anyhow, she at once set out in quest of us, not having a scruple, you may believe, about pouncing herself invitationless upon our hearthstone. Your disgust will not have reached its lawful climax, Steven, until I have told you that Miss Murdoch arrived in early June. It is to-day the 16th of July. I wish that I could see your face now. If I could see it, and it were not agape with consternation, we should abruptly cease to be friends.

From the first she began quietly to take possession of Christie. From the first I felt, so to speak, my marital throne tottering. Our initial combat was waged five minutes after our introduction to each other.

"Christie," she stated, while nearly smothering the poor child with both arms, and staring her quite out of countenance with those immense, startling eyes—"Christie, my dear, you are not looking at all well."

"Christie is looking quite well, I think," was my hurried remark. "The weather has been warm, Miss Murdoch, and perhaps you see the merely temporary effects of it."

Miss Murdoch turned and made the immense eyes ransack me from trouser's-hem to hair-parting; she began with my trouser's-hem, as a mark of contempt, I suppose.

"You forget," she snubbed, with much calmness, "that I have not seen Christie in more than a year, and that therefore I am an excellent judge of her present appearance."

I think I grunted at this; it is hard to tell, however, as we have had so many subsequent passages-at-arms that I have confused one with another. She generally, on such occasions, produces the impression of having come off with victory's most flying colors; some women, you know, are the devil at that sort of thing, Steven. I don't mean that she is ever really in the right; far from it, but she owns a glib tongue and a supple wit, and she has more than once contrived to make it seem as if I had been unjust, not to say aggressive.

It is a very singular case, you will agree. Behold me bitterly jealous of a woman. And yet, I assure you, my jealousy has not the least unreasonable element. I simply object to the incessant monopolization of Christie. She can be both my wife and the friend of the magnificent Ulrica, I will admit; but when Ulrica's "friendship" constantly intrudes itself between the sacred relations of man and wife; when she advises Christie in my presence regarding that or this household arrangement; when she is calmly despotic about Christie's wearing certain wraps upon certain occasions; when she shows me by a mute imperiousness most keenly irritating, that I am not credible if I call a little cough Christie has been having of late the merest trifle; when I find Christie's and my own opportunities of personal intercourse limited through this woman's presence, to perhaps half the number of what they were in the days before her coming; when I see Christie's innocent little head, once so sweetly careless of stiff, prim, exactitude in matters domestic, slowly being filled with all sorts of useless ultra-neat prejudices, oh, Steven! when I see these and innumerable other signs of what it hasn't a bit become hyperbole to call the trail of the serpent, then will you not perceive from depths of aggravation I pronounce this creature's presence in my house a nuisance unspeakable.

Of course it is my house, and there are such things as putting down one's foot, and all that, you know. I might tell the superb Ulrica what time a certain train left, in tones pointed enough to admit of no misunderstanding. There is a way of taking the bull by the horns, in most cases, whether the bull will or no. But what would be the sure result of such a course on my part? Do you care to hear?

The august Ulrica would probably strike an attitude as fine as her name. Then, in tones thrilling enough to make Bistori tremble for her laurels, poor little Christie would be asked some deeply dramatic question relative to standing by and seeing her friend—her dearest friend and cousin—turned from her doors. And Christie would be sure to have a fit of exorbitant crying, even if she did not reach the more pathetic pass of complete hysteria. Then let us say that I should commit the gross brutality of adhering to the horns of my bull. In such a case Miss would be forced to go, and Christie, having passed through the trial of being nearly hugged to death during her relation's awful farewells, would go about the house for weeks afterwards looking a separate martyrdom from each of her sweet amethyst eyes. And "Christie," I would miserably ask again and again, "what is the matter, my child?" "Oh, nothing, Basil," would come the resigned response, while the poor dearie looked as though she had just buried triplets, and lost flesh with as much carnal extravagance as though she were Barnum's fat woman. And at length, in a fit of desperate anxiety, I would shout forth: "For Heaven's sake, let us have back that insupportable brunette in End-of-the-World. Write to her, Christie. 'I love not hollow cheek nor glassy eye' any more than Mr. Tennyson." Then the brunette would be sent for, and doubtless throughout the remainder of my wedded life I should have the pleasure of being connubially out-hugged and out-kissed by Christie's arsine-mannered adorer. For even Christie, now the soul of meekness and docility, is enough of a woman to do some gentle kicking against opposition, if once really tested.

Under the circumstances Steven, I have felt myself forced to drag my brains for a milder means of ejection. After much thought, I concluded that the effort to find such means would give a Machinvel headache. "If she were only a man," I found myself several times preluding; but always stopped myself with shocked suddenness. Visions would arise of the stately Ulrica on terms of such physical intimacy toward Christie that the merely imaginative change of sex occasioned me a light ague.

At length an idea dawned upon me, with all the sweetness and light conceivable. I don't for an instant suppose, Steven, that you can guess my idea. It will produce the gentle means of ejection that I desire, if administered in gentle doses; it will act like an immense irreversible broom slowly sweeping, as with a sweep of fate, the imperial Ulrica from my doors. And she will seem to go of her own accord; wherein, I think, lies the delightful kernel of the whole arrangement. Have you any objection to my re-writing that delicious phrase? She will seem to go of her own accord." My pen actually loves it.

I have confided the idea to a certain Mrs. Winkle, a rather silly sort of little person, and about our only neighbor (here in the End-of-the-World), for whom I had previously, so to term it, unbandaged my domestic wound, receiving what slight salve the lady's sympathy had been able to administer. I made a confidant of Mrs. Winkle, partially because I yearned for some sort of sympathy, and partially because I desired to test, as it were, the real brilliance of the idea. Then, too, I feel certain that Mrs. Winkle has a profound dislike of the majestic Ulrica, and so our neighbor's gossipy tongue is proof against a betrayal of confidence.

The idea seemed first to shock, then to dazzle Mrs. Winkle. In a few moments she had profusely congratulated me profusely, and called me one of the cleverest men of her acquaintance—a rather dubious compliment, by the way, as Mrs. Winkle's friends are all End-of-the-Worldings, among whom I have not as yet discovered any striking marks of mind.

Are you burning with curiosity to hear what the Idea is, Steven? Then relinquish for a half hour what elegant idleness engages you, and tell me so. Also, give me your sincere opinion regarding my miserable case. Make the whole thing about four pages of note-paper, and almost by next mail I promise to send you the answer to my enigma.

Meanwhile, old fellow, believe me, dejectedly, yet hopefully.

BASIL.

## CHAPTER II.

FROM MISS ULRICA MURDOCK TO HER SISTER, MRS. CHARLES JERNINGHAM.

END-OF-THE WORLD, July 16.

*Dearest Adelaide*—I hear with surprise, from your charmingly welcome letter dated at Vienna, that mamma has been forgetful enough not to forward you across the water the accounts of myself which I have regularly written her in New York. I was particular to give her instructions on this point. As for writing you myself, dearest Adelaide, until you had answered the letter which I sent you immediately on my return home that was of course not to be dreamed of. However much I might have wanted to tell you about our dearest Christie, I should have found it impossible to encourage your frightful habits of reckless, irregular, haphazard correspondence. But this is an old point of disagreement, and I suppose you are grown quite irreclaimable.

Of course, Adelaide, my first question after reaching home last May, and finding mamma quite well, was about Christie.

Her engagement had been a bombshell to me, as you know, and explosion had so rapidly followed explosion in the matter of her marriage.

Mamma astonished me by her painful ignorance of Christie's affairs. She had met this Mr. Basil Keith twice before the wedding took place; he seemed a really nice sort of young man; the wedding had been very small and very pretty; the bridal pair had gone straight to a little box somewhere, miles off in the country—my Aunt Aurelia could tell me where.

Not at all satisfied with mamma's information, I rushed to Aunt Aurelia. You know Aunt Aurelia's apathetic style. I blame her for every fault that dear Christie Possesses. While Uncle Albert was alive her motherhood was not the parody it has since become. And yet, in her way, I think Aunt Aurelia dearly loves Christie.

I found our energetic relation on a lounge with a novel, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when I pounced up

# The Beaver Argus.

J. WETAND, - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

**Beaver, Pa., June 18, 1873.**


MRS. VICTORIA WOODHULL, of whom the public has heard a great deal of late, had an attack of heart disease and fell to the floor, unconscious, one day last week. Her mother and sister, Miss. Tennie C. Claflin who were in an adjoining room hastened to her and with the assistance of Col. Blood, who was present, carried her into a bed room, and laid her on the bed. Three physicians were immediately sent for, who came and after a careful examination pronounced her dead. Restoratives were applied for a long time without cessation, and in consequence she at length gave indications of returning animation and has since been slowly recovering.

THERE seems to be no scarcity of liquor in New Castle. Every one who wants a drink can get it. Two houses are selling publicly and several others on the sly.—*New. Castle Courant.*

New Castle voted against license in the spring, as did also Lawrence county. Anti-license is therefore not only the law of the city but of the county as well. Now if the New Castle officers fail to enforce the law it seems to us that the people ought to take them in hand and punish them with all the severity possible. Such gross official delinquency is inexcusable and no community is even safe with such officers in their midst. In Beaver, we voted against license, and our people will take good care that the legitimate results of that vote are secured. So far, no one here, that we know of, has been selling whiskey, either "publicly" or on the "sly."

THE audacious attempt to trade off the exalted office of Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for the corrupting office of State Treasurer is not passing without vigorous protest. It has been repudiated indignantly by the people of half a dozen counties at least. Vigorous articles against the perpetuation of a State Treasury Ring by this or by any other means are appearing in the outspoken journals of the interior of the State. There can be no doubt that they represent the true public sentiment; but can the true public sentiment elect the delegates? This is where the lion's skin falls short," and has to give way to "the sneaking fox's." Dexterity in wire-pulling and the possession of the "Return Judges" rule this matter now-a-days, in spite of votes. Yet still an undivided front and a resolute purpose, expressed by a popular uprising, can do and has done wonders, even when the voters seemed most helpless, and the Rings appeared to be all powerful. This Pennsylvania Ring is not more potent now than Tammany was one short month before its overthrow.—*Phila. Ledger.*

THE sober second thought is showing itself at last: Here we have been fighting "old Simon Cameron" for the past three or four years, and three-fourths of the Republicans of the county seemed to be fighting us for declining to worship at the Cameron shrine. Look now what a remarkable change in public sentiment has just taken place. "Old Simon" as a United States Senator, from this State helped to put the "retroactive salary increase" bill through, and without any compunctions of conscience at all, he has pocketed his share of the proceeds. Our recent county convention was fully aware of all this, and with little or no hesitation it "went for" Cameron and fellows of his sort in the following manner:

"*Resolved*, That we condemn as wrong in principle and most demoralizing in practice, the late congressional retroactive salary *increase and all kindred legislation.*"

These are brave words. If the Republican party of this county continues to "come up higher," it will be but a short time until the ARGUS will be in hearty accord with it again.

DURING the Chinese excitement in San Francisco, three weeks ago, a considerable anti Chinese feeling was manifested. The Board of Supervisors passed a batch of anti-Chinese ordinances—cutting off the queues of the Chinese, and shaving the heads of the Chinese convicted of crimes, no matter how light they may be. They also ordered the re-removal of Chinese bodies from the cemeteries, and imposed a heavy special tax on the laundry business, which is principally controlled by Chinamen.

The ordinances were passed last Monday. On Tuesday Mayor Alford returned the ordinances without his approval. He claims that the ordinances are unconstitutional and contrary to the treaty provisions.

This action of the San Francisco Mayor was certainly a brave one. In California the same feeling has existed toward the Chinese that was shown toward the negro for so many bloody years. When they come under our flag they are liable to be punished for any violation of law, and they certainly should be equally protected by the law.

The spirit of persecution which has led the populace of the metropolis of the Pacific slope to stone a peaceful Chinaman on sight, to cut or shoot him on the slightest provocation, is unchristian and barbarous. The proscriptive ordinances passed were a disgrace to the city, and Mayor Alford proved himself an American citizen of the highest type in blotting these municipal acts from the records of city laws.

The "Heathen Chinee" may not be agreeable to some people, but under the broad banner of equal rights and fair play, the spirit of persecution and oppression is anti-American.

Mayor Alford may be politically shelved for a time. A brave man like him, daring to do his duty, cares little for political death. The glorious resurrection for martyrs to principle always comes sooner or later. The abolition apostles, once stoned and ostracised, lived to see their names the proudest on the pages of American history; and the principles they had suffered for, incorporated as the vital parts of the nation's organic law. Intolerance and wrong to the Mongolian cannot prevail on the Pacific coast any more than they could resist the advancing tide of equal justice for another race all over the Republic.—*Lancaster Express.*

IN the Constitutional convention on last Wednesday the select committee to report on the salaries of officers of the Convention, recommended that they be as follows; Chief Clerk, $2,750; First Assistant Clerk, 2,750; Second Assistant Clerk, $2,750, two Transcribing Clerks, each $2,500; Sergeant at Arms, $1,500; Doorkeeper, $1,300; Assistant Doorkeeper, $1,300; Postmaster, $1,500; Assistant Postmaster, $1,400. The consideration of the matter was postponed.

THE editor of the *Radical* represents us as saying that Congress cannot make a law unless assisted by the President. We said nothing of that kind. But we did say and now repeat that the "retroactive salary" bill "never would have reached the stature of a law had President Grant not favored the measure and given to it his official signature." If the editor of the *Radical* does not know that the bill referred to never was able to muster two-thirds of the members in both Houses of Congress his lack of knowledge in that particular only shows that he is no better fitted to teach politics than he was to preach the gospel, or to govern a school. The truth is, the bill would have fallen dead but for the vitality given to it by the President, and the talk about his being forced to sign it in order to save the appropriation bill is mere twaddle. General Garfield at first suggested that idea, but *he was so ridiculed by the newspapers* and the assumption was shown to be so foolish that he now never refers to it in defending his own course in connection with that measure. In fact, the Ohio Congressman, has reduced his defence to about this: "my vote did not make the bill a law; the President's signature did."

What does the ARGUS want? Does it favor the retroactive salary increase? If so, why not speak out and let the people know where it stands?—*Radical.*

The ARGUS does not "favor the retroactive salary increase." It has been against that law from the beginning and expects to be against it at the end. We only complained that the committee of which editor Curtis was chairman had perve enough to thresh the little congressmen, but not enough to denounce the big President, for giving us the "retroactive salary increase" bill, when in point of fact the latter was more to blame than the former. Perhaps, however, to strike the weak and give the strong a wide berth is Mr. Curtis' way of fighting bad legislation and bad legislators. We have seen men of that sort before. They rarely, however, do much good in the way of working up reforms, and for the present we will not believe that the *Radical* editor is an exception to the rule.

THE following article, clipped from the Pittsburgh *Chronicle* of June 10th, so completely accords with our ideas of the result of the recent election in Illinois, that we give it a place in our editorial columns;

The defeat of Judge Lawrence in Illinois because he pronounced an opinion in a railroad case distasteful to the farming community is an event which cannot be passed over lightly. Of course voters had a perfect right to support or oppose him. No one questions that right. But it was distinctly avowed that he should not sit again upon the Supreme Bench because he did not deliver decisions to suit the popular desires. We do not say that such a thing might not have happened in other States; it is certainly a great disgrace in Illinois. We have pressed the suffrage business to its extremest limits, unless the exclusion of women from the ballot may be thought to constitute an exception. But it has usually been regarded amongst intelligent people in this country that the Courts formed a stable and conservative element, which would do more to give permanence to our political system than our legislative bodies. It appears by this Illinois election that Judges are not expected to interprit the law *according to their sense of it*, and with due regard to their oath of office, but are expected to give it according to popular caprice. What a monstrous idea in an Anglo-Saxon community! What a burning shame that such an idea should have been practically enforced in the wealthiest and perhaps most important of our Western States, leaving out Ohio alone. Are we not a pretty people, at this late day to retain animosity towards Southern politicians for their pernicious notions of States' Rights, when we do not even comprehend the true nature of judicial institutions, and confound judges with mere politicians a mere mouth pieces of every passing popular whim. It is a deep and ineradicable disgrace. When such things are done by a young nation it is already corrupted at heart. If a judge can be thus rebuked for fealty to conscience at this time, what will be done fifty years hence. Have we such excellent Congressmen and Presidents and members of the Legislatures and Governors, that we must make the Bench too, a mere political rostrum where stump speeches instead of legal opinions are delivered? Does this show a proper respect for law? Is it worthy of a people who began their political career with such unexampled advantages? Dare we place ourselves side by side with the English, German and French peoples in this vital matter of recognizing the true nature of political institutions and squaring ourselves with them, however disagreeable they may be, until they are altered by the modes legally prescribed. Brag as we may about our Pacific Railroads (think of Credit Mobilier) and other tremendous material enterprises, we have reason to be abashed unless we conform conscientiously to the letter and spirit of the institutions our fathers founded. To attack the Judiciary in our modest judgment is to assail the best institution we have. Once, we thought the United States Senate was the most useful and dignified institution, but the raid on Andrew Johnson, whilst it did not damage him much, changed the character of our most august legislative body, and now we must look to the Courts as the true guardians of American liberty and the peculiar hereditaments attached to it. To strike these bodies down is to prepare the way for an utterly debauched condition of things. It is bad enough as it is. But let us at least from considerations of common prudence, if we are not inspired by any higher motives, preserve the Courts in their purity.

"*Resolved*, That we condemn as wrong in principle and most demoralizing in practice, the late congressional retroactive salary increase and all kindred legislation."—*Curtis in the recent county convention.*

The "kindred legislation" here alluded *to is* believed by a great many persons to refer to the $6,000 swag which Messrs Rutan, Graham and Davis voted themselves while members of the State Senate, and which they are now using to pay their own and their wives expenses while making the tour of Europe. The kin-ship existing between the Vienna Commissioners' grab and the "retroactive salary increase" bill, is not at all remote; and it is said that Mr. Curtis *must* have had the former in his mind when he was threshing the congressmen for making a law not a bit more scandalous than the one he was partially uncovering under the head of "kindred legislation."

Mr. Curtis is said to have been badly "socked" by one of the Vienna Commissioners in taking the *Radical* establishment off of his hands, and that fact probably accounts for the slap the brilliant editor lately gave the absent Senator.

## HERE AND THERE.

—Of the five Modocs engaged in the massacre of Gen. Canbe, four have been captured. Old Schochio, Boston Charley, Hooka Jim, and Captain Jack.

—We read of a young woman in Missouri who when a certain good time comes will probably be a member of Congress. Before eloping with the darling of her heart, she had an interview with her father's bureau drawer, and voted herself an increase of back pay to the extent of $1,000. She would have nobly taken more, but that was all there was to take.

—A nice cool place to read of, just now, is Wothington, Mass., which, according to the latest report, is "enjoying light breezy weather," while a few days ago there was a minor frost there. Arrangements have been made for a match game of snow-balling on the 4th of July next. The contestants are to repair to the biggest snow-drift in the town. After the battle each member of the vanquished party is to pay fifty cents to be expended in ice cream and lemonade for the crowd.

—A painful result followed an attempt to settle the weight of a mule in Louisville the other day. Bystanders could not agree in their estimates, but each made a bet on his own. Then a man who was reputed to be a good judge of live stock, got behind the mule, and was measuring *his quarters, when something in the* mule appeared to loosen. Just before he died, the man gave it as his opinion that if the mule was as heavy before as he was behind, he must weigh not far from 47,000 pounds.

—Speaking of the Walworth family, the New York *Post* says: "Had the question been asked of the generation just passing away whom, of all the public of their time in this city would they signalize as the man most noted for all the Christian graces, for invariable sweetness of temper, for the largest benevolence, for the most tender compassion, for the most scrupulous regard for all the rights of other people, for a sense of justice as searching as the sunlight, and for a long life in which all human passion was subdued to a rigid *sense of duty*, the answer would most frequently have been—Chancellor Walworth. It is the grandson of this man who deliberately kills his father."

—The Titusville *Courier* says: Waterford, Erie county, which has lately been stirred up, from center to circumference, over the series of forgeries committed by Williams, is now agitated over another affair, which, in its details, has a peculiar Chicago flavor. Some time since a girl was married against her parents' wish; but in time, the couple were forgiven, and all went well for a time. But the green-eyed monster, that made Othello mad, found a lodging in the breasts of both, and the result was a divorce. Time healed the breach, however, and one day last week the pair again eloped and were a second time married. Chicago can't beat it.

—The wicked of Chicago have discovered a new swindle. An old hat which would be costly at four shillings is packed in a box and taken to the residence of some gentleman whose name is in the directory, at an hour when the gentleman is not at home. His wife is informed that her husband has purchased a hat, has paid $1 on it, and wishes her to pay the remainder, which she does. When the husband comes home at night there is trouble and some profane language. At one house the lady, having no money, gave an order on a neighboring shop for $4 50. This the sharper raised to $14 50, took it to the shop, and received the money. Some people may think that the people of Chicago had better be looking out for another fire.

—The defense in the case of Mrs. Charlotte Lamb tried at Trimble, Minn., for the poisoning of a Mrs. Ottoman, took the extraordinary course of offering to prove that Mrs. Lamb also poisoned her youngest son, her only daughter, and a Mr. Garland. It was held that she was subject to periodically recurring attacks of insanity. Her delusion is said to be, that she has very often seen and conversed with a ghostly visitant which by pleading, argument and command, and by some potent influence over her body and mind, forces her to the crime of poisoning. She was first visited by this phantom many years ago. It sometimes urged her to be resigned to the ills of life, and sometimes to poison people—a very singular and eccentric spirit. Its method of argument was, if people were unhappy or sick, that they might better die.

—An Octoroon named Maggie Brown brought up in the Altoona lock-up, last Monday, and was the occasion for a column notice in the *Tribune*. Maggie is well-known in Altoona, and except when on a wild carousal, is represented as a steady-going domestic, having been employed at one time in the Mountain House, Cresson. The *Tribune*, in its biographical sketch, says: "The history of Maggie Brown so far as we know in this locality, is full of sadness, suffering and wretchedness. In the early part of last Autumn, when she was picked up on our streets by the night policemen, taken to the Mayor's office, and subsequently removed to the Exchange hotel, her story was to the effect that she was originally from Harper's Ferry, and was a daughter of old Ossawatamie Brown, whose soul is still marching on. A hotel keeper from Massillon, Ohio, who was on a visit to Harper's Ferry, induced her to accompany him to his home, subsequently ruined her, and then furnished her with money to leave the country. She came to this city, and, as is well known, was found on the porch of a residence in the First ward." Maggie was taken in charge by a young physician and with a female companion left for Cresson.

—A charming young widow, Mrs. Lottie Palmer, a while ago opened a photograph gallery in Racine, Wis. The consequence was a perfect passion on the part of the gentlemen of Racine to be photographed. This might do for the single sitters and the widowers; but when the married men began to have their pictures taken, the matrons of Racine went for that gallery, demolished the camera, and generally put a negative in the most positive way upon the business.

## THE WALWORTH TRAGEDY.

**A Forgotten Incident in the History of Illinois Politics—How Abraham Lincoln was Saved from a Duel with General Shields by Colonel John J. Hardin, the Father of the Mother of Young Walworth.**

[From the Baltimore American, June 7.]

Strangely enough, the murder of Mansfield T. Walworth by his son, recalls the story of Abraham Lincoln's duel. The mother of Frank Walworth is the daughter of Col. John J. Hardin, who saved Mr. Lincoln from the remorse which would have overshadowed his life if he had killed General Shields. Colonel Hardin was a prominent Whig politician, and was esteemed "the bravest man in Illinois." He was killed at the battle of Buena Vista, and his death fairly earned the distinction which his admiring friends had given him while living. Mr. Lincoln was his estimate friend, and both men were gifted with a large sense of humor, which they turned to a very good account.

The hostile meeting between Mr. Lincoln and General Shields was brought about in this way: A witty young lady wrote a communication for one of the Springfield papers, in which there were several passages which the General was pleased to consider as personally offensive. He was a testy Irishman, who had a great deal of troublesome dignity, and could never appreciate a joke at his own expense. He forwith went to the newspaper office and demanded the name of the correspondent, and, this being refused, he gave the editor three days in which to make up his mind either to refer him to the writer or to take a whipping himself. The poor man was greatly distressed. He did not like to be guilty of the ungallant act of betraying his lady correspondent, and he did not care to have a fight with General Shields, who was a much stronger man. In this dilemma he came to Mr. Lincoln and told him of his trouble. The lawyer took the matter into consideration, but he could think of no strategem for the relief of his friend. At last he said to him, "When Shields comes around with his club tell him that Abe Lincoln wrote that letter." The editor acted upon the suggestion, and when the irate politician appeared ready to carry his threat into execution, he was politely requested to call upon Abraham Lincoln for satisfaction.

This put a new face on the matter. General Shields knew better than to come fooling about Mr. Lincoln with his cane. He was at that time a great, long-armed, muscular fellow, good natured, but resolute, and when the occasion demanded he could deal such blows with his fists as made the antagonists think that rail-splitting was his pastime. If he had been attacked by Gen. Shields, and had supposed that it would add anything to the humor of the fight, he would have bent his assailant over his knee and administered punishment after the manner of conscientious mothers. But after all his threatening and bluster Gen. Shields could not back out without subjecting himself to the ridicule of his townsmen, so he concluded to challenge Mr. Lincoln. The challenge was accepted, but to the great dismay of the challenge Abraham named long swords as the weapons. He had no skill in the use of the sword, but with his tremendous reach of arm and great muscular strength he would have cut off General Shields' head before he got himself into position for one of his scientific thrusts.

The time and place of meeting were agreed upon. Mr. Lincoln went to the ground early with his second, and there being some bushes to the line selected for the fight, he set to work to clear them away with a hatchet. While he was engaged at this other gentlemen came on the field, and they were so struck with the ludicrous scene that they could not refrain from laughter. Just then Colonel Hardin appeared, and, appreciating the humorous situation, he appealed to both parties not to make fools of themselves with such effect that they went home without fighting. Mr. Lincoln often said afterwards that his participation in this affair was the meanest act of his life.

Colonel Hardin, although a peacemaker on this occasion, was a man of great courage and most chivalrous bearing. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was put in command of the First Illinois Volunteers, and died on the battlefield of Buena Vista, as already stated.

## THE BENDER MURDERS.

**Suicide of Nicholas Minon, a Confidante of the Family—140 Men Killed by the Benders.**

[From Leavenworth (Kan.) Commercial June 4.]

By letters and through the medium of one or two of our exchanges, we have received some more information concerning the last reported act in the great tragedy of Southern Kansas, the suicide of Nicholas Minon. The people have become interested to know what were the confessions made by him, which the telegraph so dimly hinted. The story as reported is that he admitted that he went South with the Bender family soon after the murders in Kansas, and that he knew them, and that they were going from Dallas to Kaufman. He says that Bender acknowledged there have been 140 men killed in Kansas. It does not seem from the intelligence yet received that Minon had anything to do with the murders as an accessory before the fact, but it would appear that he, in some manner, got into their confidence afterwards, and buried in his bosom the dreadful secrets revealed. When he did make them public, and found that the eye of suspicion was fastened upon him, and that a United States detective was watching him, and would not let him get off at Caddo, and that he was even suspected of being one of the Benders, despair seized upon him and he rashly took his own life. The circumstances were that the prisoner was seated in the passenger car. It was not known to the United States detective who was dogging his every step and watching all his motions, that he had a weapon concealed on his person. He suddenly drew a Smith & Wesson pocket-pistol, placed the muzzle to his forehead and fired, blowing a two-inch hole in his skull, from which the brain protruded.

**Remarkable Recovery of a Child.**

In Flint, Mich., a few days since, a lady from Clio, in that State, discovered a child she had lost for nearly three years, under the following circumstances: About the year 1866 she married a man named Perry, and during the four years succeeding she had two children. After the birth of her second child, and being sick in bed, her husband was going to take the oldest boy to a relative until his wife recovered and could attend to her household duties. He started out, and she never saw or heard of husband and child until one day last week, when, walking through one of the streets in Flint, she was struck by the appearance of a child in the street, and was going up to him, prompted by maternal instinct. Before she could reach him he was snatched up by a man and taken out of her sight. In the man she recognized her husband, and asking the assistance of a deputy sheriff, she instituted a search and found the boy in a house near where she first noticed him. The house was her husband's, and a woman was there who also claimed him as husband, having been married to him in Flint shortly before. At once a warrant was taken out for Perry, on a charge of bigamy, and he was lodged in jail and committed for trial on that charge. The boy was given over to his mother's care, who wept with joy at recovering her lost treasure.

## THE INDIANS.

**Modoc Prisoners Massacred by Oregon Volunteers.**

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—Dispatches from Boyle's camp, dated yesterday, relate the particulars of the atrocious massacre of Modoc prisoners, it is supposed by Oregon volunteers. On Saturday morning James Fairchild and about twelve other men left Fairchild's Ranch, on Cottonwood creek, with seventeen Modoc captives, women and children, including Shack Nasty Jim, Bogus Charley, Ichee Jack, Pony and Little John. The Indians were in a wagon drawn by four mules. At the crossing of the Lost River the party encountered Oregon volunteers under the command of Captain Hizier. The soldiers gathered about the wagon, and questioned Fairchild. The latter told them the Modocs were all at Hot Creek, except Little John, and that there were no charges against them. Fairchild undertook to push on to Boyles' camp, and the volunteers retired to their camp, near Crawley's. On the road he noticed men ahead, riding to Rocks Point, as if to intercept him. When the team approached one presented a needle-gun and said: "Get down, you old white headed——;" "By what authority?" said Fairchild. "By mine; I'm going to kill the Indians and you, too," was the reply. Their leader caught hold of the mules, unhitched them, and cut the harness. Fairchild, clinging to the lines, leaped to the ground. The poor wretches implored for mercy, and begged Fairchild to save them. The warriors were unarmed, and knew that resistance was useless. They were the coolest in the party, though facing inevitable death; but the women and children shrieked, groaned and wept piteously.

Fairchild had nothing but a small pistol. Six inches from his ear was the muzzle of a needle gun. He says the tears came to his eyes, and he mingled his voice with those of the Modocs, in the hope that a massacre might be avoided. "Oh, that was a terrible scene. I never shall forget it, and I shudder when I think what I saw. I hear the tearful voices of those women and children still ringing in my ears, but the cowardly hounds were not to be baulked. A shot, and Little John lay dead in the bed of the wagon with a bullet in his brain." The mules dashed away with Fairchild, and tangled him in the lines. Five more shots were fired in rapid succession, and Ichee Jack, Pony, and Mooch, the remaining warriors, were dead. Little John's squaw had a frightful wound in the shoulder.

Away ahead in the road, in the direction of Boyle's camp, was a cloud of dust indicating the approach of a team. The murderers espied the dust, and in a moment were riding rapidly away. Sergeant Murphy, of Battery G, Fourth Artillery, with ten men and teamsters, came by a team. The Sergeant took charge of affairs, and remained with his men on the ground. Fairchild, the teamster, the wounded squaw and her two children came in at two o'clock this morning. Fairchild reached General Davis' headquarters, when he related his story. Teams with an escort were at once sent after the prisoners, dead and alive. No steps have been taken for the apprehension of the felons who performed the bloody work.

It is generally supposed Oregon volunteers are the guilty. Fairchild is of the opinion himself that the warriors killed were not charged with murder. Those who know them best say they have only participated in open fights. Every one here condemns the affair as atrocious and without excuse. There is no doubt but the murders were carried out upon a carefully arranged plan, as Fairchild noticed horsemen on the road ahead and behind him when theshots were fired. Had John Fairchild, instead of James, been present, another murder might have been added to the list, as the Oregonians are bitter in their hatred of John, the old man and other Californians.

THE CAPTIVES INTERVIEWED.

BOYLE'S CAMP, June 8—3 p. m.—An interview between Gen. Davis, Jack and Schonshin has just terminated. The Modoc chief says he was incited to his cruel warfare by Allen David, the chief of the Klamaths, also denied the killing of General Canby, and laid the blame on his boys. Schonchin told the same story.

## THE MODOC CULPRIT.

**Capt. Jack's Defense—He Charges the Klamath Chief, Allen David, with Inciting Him to War, and Denies Killing Gen. Canby—A Singular "Tissue of Lies."**

BOYLE'S CAMP, June 8.—Capt. Jack was interrogated to-day by Gen. Davis. He tried to implicate Allen David, the Klimath chief, and denied being present when Gen. Canby was killed. He spoke as follows:

I don't know how to open the subject about Allen David. I received a message last Winter in the Lava Beds by old Schonchin, a sub-chelf of his, from Allen David, as follows: "I don't want you to lower your gun and fight like a squaw, but you must fight like a man." At first I thought the message a lie, but it came so often I believed it. I was about to lay down my arms when I got a message. Allen David told Schonchin to tell me to fight; that he thought the whites were going to fight him, and he would soon let Jack know what he was going to do. Allen said: "Hold on to your guns. I am getting ammunition, and will join you in a few days. I am selling property to buy powder. Don't act like a woman; be a man. I will join you soon. I have lots of people, but want to get guns first. Whatever offers the Commissioners may make, don't believe what they say; they are trying to fool you."

I was going to give up and surrender when I got this message. I expected when I killed the Commissioners that Allen David would be with me the next day, or very soon, and I had already given up my arms. I ate the food of the government, and did not want to do any fighting after eating their food. When I got this message it made me act as though I acted for Allen David, and expected him to join me soon. Allen David caused me to leave the reservation. I had had feelings toward the Klimaths, but so many such messages came I believed them. I thought Allen meant it, so I acted. He and I were hardly good friends, but he urged me to do this thing.

Last Winter I was going wherever the government said, and I wanted some quiet place, not on the rocks. Allen David was always pushing me up. The Klimath Chiefs said the same. They talked as though Allen David was a big chief. He said we must not think the Klimaths were women—they were not going to lay down their arms to the whites. I had all the trouble, did all the fighting, and he did nothing. It looks as though they tried to get me into a scrape. I want you to know why I commenced this war. Last Winter, on Lost river, Applegate and Brown came and said a big chief was coming to have a talk, and we must go to the reservation. Soldiers came and surrounded us before day. We had held no council. I did not expect that. I was asleep. I told them not to shoot when my boys got their guns. The soldiers fired the first gun. I did not think the whites wanted to talk. After the soldiers began to fire on my people some boys fired back. I did not. I took my things and ran as fast as I could go away. Old Schonchin said he had nothing to say himself, and only brought a message from Allen David.

When questioned as to Gen. Canby's things which he had on, Jack said: "I can't say anything about it. I went away. The boys who killed Gen. Canby got the things. I was there but went off as soon as I found I could not stop them." Jack, on being cross-questioned, said that Bogus Charley and Shack-Nasty Jim killed Gen. Canby. Allen David advised him to kill Gen. Canby, so it was done. He continued: "I am telling the truth. I did not kill him. I had it done, but did not do it." He added, in conclusion: "I don't lie. Bring them in. I want to face them. If I had my chains off I would tell what men did these things." Schonchin says he did shoot at Meacham; but all the Modocs knew he was a poor shot, and could not hit anything. Jack's answers are of course a tissue of lies. Many believe that old Schonchin acted as messenger, and that he took money given him by Capt. Jack, to charge Allen David, the Klamath chief, with urging him to make war and kill Gen. Canby.

## AN OLD MURDER DISCOVERED.

**The Skeleton of a Giant Found Near Binghampton, New York—Two Missing Men.**

BINGHAMPTON, New York, June 9.—Considerable excitement has been created in Chocumb Centre, near this city, by the finding of the skeleton of a man of gigantic frame, which is believed to be that of Jacob Benton, who disappeared under mysterious circumstances, and was believed to have been murdered by his brother-in-law, John Brown, thirty-five years ago. The place on which the remains were found, by workmen opening a quarry, forty years ago was occupied by a family named Brown. The family consisted of the old folks and John and Cynthia Brown. Giant Benton, as he was called, became acquainted with Cynthia and married her. Her brother John never liked Benton. The former was a rough, brutal, passionate man, a bully who was feared by the whole neighborhood, with the exception of Benton. He, on several occasions, when Brown was bonstfing on his prowess, took him in his brawny arms and used him as he would a child. This so wounded the vanity of Brown that he swore to have revenge.

Before the disappearance of Benton a man named James Barley or Burley, came from Wayne county, Pa., with the intention of purchasing a farm of John Brown. The Pennsylvanian had a large sum of money. He went with Brown to look over the farm. They were seen together on a lonely spot on the farm. Brown came back alone. Nothing was ever seen of Burley again, and he never returned to his home in Pennsylvania. Singular enough, no effort was made to look up the matter.

A short time after the marriage of Benton to Brown's sister, the former left home one day, going across John Brown's farm. The two met in a field, and walked on together. Benton was not seen again. Not long thereafter Brown became a hopeless, raving maniac. For ten years he sat in one corner of his room, whittling continually. He never left his chair for anything. He did not speak to any one, only to say: "I've murdered! I murdered everybody—everybody!" This he would close with a blood-curdling laugh. It was generally believed that he killed both Burley and Benton.

A few years since Brown died, but gave no clue or said anything more than the above disjointed ravings in regard to the supposed murder.

The finding of the remains has again brought the subject forward. That the bones are those of Benton, and that he was in some way made away with and buried by his brother-in-law, no one now doubts.


*New Advertisements.*

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm

A FEW APPLICATIONS OF ... Pure Blooming Compound ...

It is Purely Vegetable, and its operation is seen and felt at once. It does away with the Flushed Appearance caused by Heat, Fatigue, and Excitement. Heals and removes all Blotches, Pimples, Sunburn, Tan and Impurity of the skin. Drives away Fever-clouds, and Sunburn, and by its gentle but influence mantles the faded cheek with

BEAUTIFUL BLOOM AND BEAUTY.

For sale by Druggists and Fancy Store-Keepers Everywhere.

After 30 Years of trial has proved to be the best healing and pain subduing Liniment in the World.

It is Prompt, Safe and Sure. Unbounded astonishment has been excited by its Wonderful Cures of Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bites, Chilblains, Sting of Insects, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Sunstroke, Toothache, Rheumatism, Frozen Feet, Ears, &c., &c., Severe Colds, Coughs, Croup, Pneumonia, Foreshortening of Sinews, and for Sprains, Founder, Lameness, Spavin, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Windgalls, Hoof-Rot, Thrush, Scratches, Mud Fever, Sweeny, Stringhalt, Saddle Colic, Fistula, Lampas, Quitter, Diseases of the Eye and Ear in

Horses, Mules or Cattle.

MUSTANG LINIMENT

WILL ALSO

Cure Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Lame Back, Salt Rheum, Poisonous Bites, External Bone and Muscular Affections, Sore Nipples, &c., and may be justly termed the panacea for all

EXTERNAL WOUNDS.

☞ Remember, this Liniment did not spring up in a day or a year, producing these most absurd and unnatural cures claimed by new-born and mushroom Liniments. But we have the experience of over thirty years of trial, with the most substantial results, and by a multitude of witnesses.

If the Liniment is not as recommended, the

Money will be Refunded.

Do not be imposed upon by using any other Liniment claiming the same properties or results. They are a cheat and a fraud. Be sure and get nothing but

Mexican Mustang Liniment.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND COUNTRY STORES AT

25c., 50c. and $1 per Bottle.

NOTICE SIZE OF BOTTLE, STYLE, &c.

LYON MFG. CO.

ISIDORE COBLENS,

Broker in Real Estate, Mortgages, Bonds, Notes and Stocks, No. 58½ Fourth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PA.

may31-3m

Rowell & Co.'s Advertisements.

A GREAT OFFER! ... will dispose of 100 PIANOS & ORGANS of first-class makers, including ... Pianos, all modern improvements, for $275 cash. Organs, $55, $75, $90; MELODEONS, $100; 4 STOP, $110; 8-STOP, $125, and upwards.

Waters' Concerto Parlor Organs are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever produced. ... In quality of tone they are unequaled by any Organs. It is possessed by a third set of reeds precisely voiced, the effect of which is most charming and ... while its imitation of the human voice is most superb. Terms liberal. *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES* mailed for one stamp. A liberal discount to Ministers, Churches, Sunday Schools, Lodges, &c. ... Warerooms WANTED.

6-18-4w

WANTED.

General and Local Agents, for the Barnes Sewing Machine, made at Danbury, Con. The stillest, fastest & easiest Lock-Stitch, Straight Needle Machine in the market. We give better terms than any other company. Address

JOHN A. DODGE, Gen'l Agent, Danbury, Conn

WALLACE & COMPANY'S

CREAM TABLE CHOCOLATE

No boiling necessary. A cup of delicious Chocolate made with it in two minutes. No waste. Packed in pound jars. Vanilla or plain. One doz. in box. Unequaled as a confection for lunch, spread on crackers, with a glass of milk at hand to dip them. For making Soda Water Syrup, or flavoring Ice Cream it is superior to any chocolate made; and for Chocolate Cake, nothing else will be used when this has been tried. For sale by J. T. WARREN & CO., Cincinnati, O.

WE WANT AN AGENT

In this township to canvass for the new, valuable and fast selling book by Dr. JOHN COWAN.

The Science of a New Life.

Recommended and endorsed by prominent ministers, physicians, religious and secular papers. No other book like it published. $40 per week guaranteed. Address, COWAN & CO., 129 Eighth St., New York.

Write for a Price List to J. H. JOHNSTON

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS

179 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Breech-Loading ... Guns, ... Powder Rods with ... Rifles $8 to $75. Revolvers $5 to $25. Pistols $1 to $5. Gun Material, Fishing Tackle, &c. Send for *Illustrated Price-List*. Agents wanted to *dispose of Guns on Club*. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. Goods sent by express C. O. D. to be examined before paid for.

WORKING CLASS MALE OR FEMALE $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 16 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

*New Advertisements.*

HOW TO CATCH FISH.



THE New Patent Spring "NEVER MISS 'EM" FISH HOOK. This is the greatest invention ever contrived by man, and catches fish with such rapidity that it astonishes all who see it operate. It is tied to an ordinary line, baited and set, and operates somewhat like the cock of a gun, as soon as the fish touches the bait the spring comes down upon it, and it is caught. Sent by mail, post paid, for 50 cents, or 3 for $1. Address IRON CITY NOVELTY CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. je18-1m

BEAVER SEMINARY,

BEAVER, PA.

Fall Session Opens September 9th, 1873.

PRIMARY, ENGLISH AND COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENTS.

For further information, send for circular, or address M. E. SCHEIBNER, *President*. je18-4t] BEAVER, PA.

FOR SALE.

COUNTRY STORE, near Pittsburgh. Rare chance for a man with a small capital. Must be sold to settle an Estate.

Address, J. P. CUNNINGHAM, *Corner of Sixth and Liberty sts.*, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FRANK M'CARTY,

Manufacturer of the Celebrated

STEAM REFINED ENGINE CARBON,

SPINDLE, CYLINDER, PAINT,

SIGNAL OILS.

Prepared under a new Process, without the use of Chemicals.

POINT OIL WORKS,

SMITH'S FERRY,

BEAVER COUNTY, PA.

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may28 tf

D. P. HOYLE,

DEALER IN FINE

WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS & SILVERWARE

85 FIFTH AVENUE,

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Special attention given to repairing of Watches and Jewelry, at lowest rates. 5-7-3m.

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PARLOR, LIBRARY,

DINING-ROOM AND

OFFICE FURNITURE,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

Also, sole manufacturers for Western Penn., of

M'Donough's Patent Lounge Bed.

T. B. YOUNG & CO.,

21 *Smithfield Street*,

*PITTSBUEGH, PA.*

je11-3m

Report of the condition of the National Bank of Beaver County, New Brighton, Pa., at the close of business on the twenty-fifth day of April 1873:

RESOURCES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans and discounts | $173,281 23 |
| Overdrafts | 169 87 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | 120,000 00 |
| U. S. Bonds and securities on hand | 15,000 00 |
| Due from Redeeming & Reserve Ag'ts | 13,014 63 |
| Due from National Banks | 3,383 23 |
| Due from State Banks and Bankers | 813 89 |
| Banking House | 14,374 54 |
| Furniture and Fixtures | 3,970 68 |
| Current expenses | 1,925 28 |
| Premiums | 189 59 |
| Checks and other Cash Items | 453 08 |
| Bills of National Banks | 10,441 00 |
| Fractional Currency & Nickels | 123 79 |

# The Beaver Argus.

**Beaver, Pa., June 15, 1873.**

*Circulation Thirteen Hundred.*



**Rates of Advertising.**

| TIME. | 3w. | 6w. | 3m. | 6m. | 1 year |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 sqr—10 lines, | $3 00 | $3 00 | $5 00 | $7 00 | $10 00 |
| 2 squares, do | 3 50 | 5 00 | 7 00 | 10 00 | 15 00 |
| 3 squares, do | 5 00 | 6 00 | 9 00 | 13 00 | 18 00 |
| 4 squares, do | 6 00 | 8 00 | 10 50 | 15 00 | 21 00 |
| ¼ column, | 8 00 | 11 00 | 15 00 | 20 00 | 33 00 |
| ½ column, | 11 00 | 15 00 | 20 00 | 33 00 | 50 00 |
| 1 column, | 23 00 | 30 00 | 38 00 | 60 00 | 100 00 |

Administrators' and Executors' Notices....$3 00
special notices per line, ten cents.

☞ Payments to be made Quarterly, except for transient advertisements, which must be paid in advance.

**JOB WORK.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Eighth Sheet Bills 25 copies or less | $2 00 |
| 25 additional copies or less | 50 |
| Fourth Sheet Bills 25 copies or less | 3 00 |
| 25 additional copies or less | 75 |
| Half Sheet Bills 25 copies or less | 5 00 |
| 25 additional copies or less | 1 50 |
| Full Sheet Bills 25 copies or less | 8 00 |
| 25 additional copies or less | 2 00 |
| Bills in Equity five pages or less | 15 00 |
| Each additional page | 2 00 |
| Blanks, plain, one quire | 2 00 |
| Each additional quire | 1 00 |
| Other Job work at same rates. | |


## TIME TABLE.

**Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R.**—Trains going East leave Beaver Station as follows: Morning Accom'n 9.19; Mail, 2. p. m.; Evening Fast Line, 7.07.

Trains going West leave Beaver Station as follows: Mail, 7.46 a. m.; Accommodation 5.40 p. m.

## REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

*Assembly*—S J. Cross.
*Prothonotary*—O. A. Small.
*Treasurer*—James H. Mann.
*Commissioner*—G. W. Shroades.
*Poor House Director*—Samuel McManamy.
*Jury Commissioner*—John Wilson.
*Auditor*—J. F. Culbertson.
*Trustees of Academy*—R. S. Imbrie.
P. L. Grim.

The attention of the public is directed to the following New Advertisements which appear for the first time in the Argus to-day:

Special Notice—Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure.....C
Special Notice—Lyon's Kathairon.....C
Special Notice—Holloway's Pills.....C
Special Notice—B. M. Ewing.....13
Adv—Geo P. Rowell & Co.....7sqs-4w
Adv—Barrow & Co.....1sq-3w
Special Notice—Geo. P. Rowell & Co.....C
Special Notice—Wm. Wallace.....22
Special Notice—Mrs. Kuhn & J. H. Cunningham 15
Special Notice—S. & J. Snellenburg.....15
Special Notice—A. C. Hurst.....22
Special Notice—Persian Oleine—L. Maginnis..4
Special Notice—Hugo Andriessen.....6
Special Notice—H. S. Hibbard.....12
Adv—J. Weaver & Co.....1½sqs-1m
Adv—M. E. Scheibner.....1½sqs-tf

**Boots,** Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers at low prices, at H. Merz's, Beaver Pa. 6-4-3w

The Board of Officers and Managers of Beaver County Agricultural Society will meet at the Sheriff's office in Beaver, on Saturday June 21st, 1873, at 9 o'clock, a. m. The committee appointed to revise the premium list will report, also the subject of changing the present family ticket system, appointment of judges and other matters of importance will come before the board on that day. A full attendance is earnestly requested. B. M. Ewing, *Sec'y.*

**Boots,** Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers at low prices, at H. Merz's, Beaver, Pa. 6-4-3w

**Marble** tops and slabs of all kinds at Wm. Wallace's Marble Works, R. R. street, New Brighton

**Cholera.**—The appearance of Asiatic cholera on the lower Mississippi admonishes us of the possible danger of its visiting us during the summer, and suggest the absolute necessity of sanitary precautions. We would not unnecessarily excite fear, but as an ounce of preventive is said to be worth a pound of cure, we simply suggest that cleanliness, the surest avenue to health, should be strictly observed.

**Ladies' Suits,** at very low figures at Hibbard's Rochester. Call and examine. 6-4-3w

**Here** rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned upon his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for his own.

However melancholy you may feel about the loss of friends, do not forget to call on Wm. Wallace and order suitable monuments to mark their resting places. **Marble Works, R. R. street,** New Brighton.

**Strawberries and Cream.**—We owe our thanks to **Mr. A. J. Marks** of Brighton township for a number of baskets of strawberries, sent to us last week. The berries referred to were the largest and most luscious we have seen this year. Mr. Marks, we understand, has about one acre of ground planted in strawberries, and from which, it is thought, he will gather one hundred bushels the present season. Church festivals, weddings, parties, pic-nics, etc., should make a note of this, and if they wish to lay in a supply of this delicious fruit, give Mr. Marks a call.

In this connection, we also take occasion to return our thanks to Mr. James I. Douds, of the same township, for a quart of excellent cream, to take with the "aforesaid" berries. Brighton township strawberries and cream can be worried down without much difficulty. We are clear on that point.

**The** most skillful workmen only employed by Wm. Wallace at his Marble Works, R. R. street, New Brighton.

**Ladies' Suits,** at very low figures at Hibbard's Rochester. Call and examine. 6-4-3w

**Seventy-Five Cents for a Wife.**—On Monday evening a former employee at the Iron Works, but at present a gentleman of leisure, offered his wife for sale at a public vendue, in front of Squire Schmolze's office, South Side. The wife is good looking, the husband idle and dissipated, and both weary of their yoke. The lady was put up at auction before a motley crowd, but the bids did not pan out as well as expected, the highest bid being seventy-five cents instead of $540 55, as announced by some of our cotemporaries. At this stage of the business the wife was withdrawn, as the husband stated that he had been offered one hundred and ninety dollars by an Irishman on this side of the river, and consequently the sale was held over.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*

**Ladies' Suits,** at very low figures at Hibbard's Rochester. Call and examine. 6-4-3w

**Monuments** of Italian Marble at less per cubic foot than at any other place west of the mountains. Wm. Wallace's R. R street, New Brighton.

**Wedding Presents.**—Gov. Cooke, of the District of Columbia, had a son, —Harry by name,—married at Washington last week. The father's present to the son was fifty thousand dollars, cash down. To the bride he gave a set of matchless pearl ornaments. Mrs. Governor Cooke's present to her son was a beautiful villa, near the Governor's residence, worth twenty thousand dollars. To the bride personal ornaments of great value. Among the miscellaneous gifts from friends were a rich set of Sevres China, manufactured for the Empress Eugine, and bearing her name and coat-of-arms. They were purchased by the giver at the sale of her effects, after her departure from France. Another costly remembrance was a tray of satin wood, inlaid, mounted with silver handles, and containing a set of Dresden china, each piece having a different representation of natural flowers. The minor gifts were gold and silver articles of ornament and utility, sufficient to stock a jewelers establishment.

This is the way these young people are compelled to start in life. That they will be able to get on comfortably and to their satisfaction, is an inference very much favored by their appearances.

**Farmers of Beaver County Read This.**—J. & R. Harsha, at Rogers' Ferry, Beaver county, sell all kinds of farming implements. Go to them to buy the well-known Woods' Mower and Reaper improved. Also the improved Lock Leaver Hay Rake.

They sell the latest improved Howe Sewing Machine, one of the best sewing machines in the world. Their address is Industry, Pa. jel1-3w

**Free of Charge.**—Call at Hugo Andriessen's Beaver Drug Store, Beaver, Pa, and get a sample bottle of Dr. A. Boschee's German Syrup, *free of charge.* It has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and for any person suffering with a severe cough, heavy cold settled on the breast, consumption or any disease of the throat and lungs it has no equal in the world. Our regular size bottles 75 cents. In all cases money will be promply returned if perfect satisfaction is not given. Two doses will relieve any case. Try it nov29-1y.

**Warning.**—Cold nights, warm days, and all sudden changes in the weather often produce serious results; but if you wish to be fully prepared for diseases peculiar to hot and changeable weather, or those caused by eating green vegetables, always have at hand a bottle of Dr. J. Maginnis' Persian Oleine, as it is the best known remedy for cholera, cramp and pains of all kinds Sold by druggists, dealers and agents.

**Hon. Wm. McClelland** has ceased to be a resident of the 24th Pa. District, and has taken up his abode in Pittsburgh, Pa. He will enter upon the practice of law in that city.

**Dyspeptics** should not trifle with their health by resorting to new and untried remedies, often drastic and injurious, while the great cure, Hoofland's German Bitters, can be had. The testimony in favor of this standard remedy is immense, and each day adding to it from the most respectable classes of society.

*Read the testimony of the Supreme Court.*

Former Chief Justice George W. Woodward: I find "Hoofland's German Bitters," is a good tonic, useful in the diseases of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system. Hon. Chief Justice James Thompson; I consider "Hoofands German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of indigestion or dyspepsia I can certify this from my experience of it. Hon. Justice George Sharswood: I have found by experience that "Hoofland's German Bitters" is a very good tonic, relieving dyspeptic symptoms almost directly.

They are not alcoholic. They are sold by all druggists.

**$100** will buy a good second hand leather top buggy. Six months time will be given for payment. Inquire for M. at Argus office. 4-30 tf

**"Seeing Ourselves as Others see us."**—We copy the following from the Providence *Journal:* The next Indian war should be fought by the editors and newspaper correspondents. A good many of us could be spared, and nobody but the immediate sufferers would be the worse for it. And we hardly open a paper that does not show us how much better the war could be carried on by the writers than by the men to whose experience and sagacity it has been entrusted. An editor, of course, knows everything, else he would be a very unsuitable person for such position, but of all matters on which editorial information and ability and skill are displayed, an Indian war is conspicuous. The rough depoits of lava, which are so difficult to be crossed by man and beast, offer no impediment to the editor, and the deadly ambush, the stealthy attack, the treachery, the cruelty of the savages, are trifles to them. Therefore they —we, for we have doubtless done our share of it—explain how easy it is to bring an Indian war to successful termination, quite omitting to take into account the inferiority of our Generals in ability, in experience, in skill, and in all the qualifications for military success, when compared with those of our infallable fraternity.

**To Investors.**—I want a partner with $20,000 dollars; or two that can command $25,000 capital to unite with me and devote attention to stock raising in Colorado—will guarantee 50 per cent on the investment the first year. No better investment can be made than this. Sheep are pure merino, cattle are thorough breds, short horn, horses and mules the finest and best stock in America. Parties who do not mean business need not apply. Call, or address Geo. W. Nelson, at land office of Stevenson & Wittish, Beaver Falls, Pa. je11-4w

Ice Cold Sparkling Soda Water, flavored with pure fruit syrups, fresh from Hugo Andriessen's marble fountains. apr16-3m

**The** Commissioners of Tippecanoe county, Indiana, have forwarded to Gov. Hendricks a petition setting forth that Mrs. Samuel Smith, of Iroquois township, recently gave birth to four children at a time, praying that such steps be taken as will secure an appropriation to the father and mother, and to each of the children a section of Government lands.

**Tomb Stones** of every variety and pattern at Wm. Wallace's Marble Works, R. R. street, New Brighton.

**Sensible.**—The Missouri editors at their late convention formally resolved that a man has the same right to walk in a grocery store and order a barrel of sugar and a sack of coffee, or into a law office and demand a legal opinion from its occupant, or into an undertaker's and request a coffin, without expecting to pay for their respective wares or services, as into a newspaper office and demand the use, of its brains and type, without a thought of recompense.

**Hibbard's**—Rochester—is just the spot,
Beaver county people all agree,
Where dress goods, millinery, and men's hats are bought
At lowest prices,—just call and see.

Clothe, flannels, and extra wide sheeting.
House keeping goods, of every grade,
Prints, ginghams, P. K.'s, and linen tickings,
Cheap lots of clothing—best that's made.

For gloves, hosiery, linen and paper collars,
For sun shades, in tourist and club,
For a neat suit of clothes at ten dollars,
Hibbard's—Rochester—is truly the hub.

Hibbard's Store (next door to P. O.) Rochester. 6-4-3w

**Personal.**—Lawrence Whitsell, esq., for many years a citizen of this county, but of late a resident of Centreville, Apanoose county, Iowa, was in Beaver last week, on a visit to his aunt, Mrs. John Shiveley who resides here. Mr. Whitsell is very much pleased with his western home, and we are glad to learn that health and prosperity have attended him since he left us.

—Capt. M. R. Adams, of Garrett, Somerset county, but formerly a citizen of Beaver county, paid his numerous relatives in this vicinity a visit last week. He is enjoying his usual health.

**The** cheapest clothing emporium west of Philadelphia is that of S. & J. Snellenburg's, Broadway New Brighton.

**There** is to be a Sabbath School Jubilee at the United Brethren Church, near Industry, on Sabbath, June 22d, commencing at 3 o'clock, p. m. All friends of the Sabbath school, and well disposed persons of the Sabbath school cause, are invited to attend. The committee have invited speakers for the occasion, and hope to have a good time together. Our school is prospering, and we expect to have some good singing and addresses from many Sabbath school workers on that day, and hope to see the house full. By Order of Com.

**Holloway's Ointment and Pills.**—Intermittent fevers are inevitably broken up by the Pills. They act simultaneously on the liver, bowels and nervous system. Eruptions vanish under the operation of the Ointment. Sold 78 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Price 25 cents per pot or box. Ask for new style; the old is counterfeited.

**Anonymous** communications are not published in the Argus. We have received one recently from Smith's Ferry, which has gone into the basket under our table. Will correspondents never learn that they must send their names along with their effusions?

**The** cheapest clothing emporium west of Philadelphia is that of S. & J. Snellenburg's, Broadway, New Brighton.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column, of the Brooks Sewing Machine Co. of New York, they advertise, what is indeed a valuable invention, a first-class Sewing Machine for five dollars. feb.5-1y

**The following** songs were sung by the soldiers' orphans of the Phillipsburg school, while participating in the decoration ceremonies of the 30th inst. They were both composed by Miss Maggie M. Taylor, the accomplished daughter of the Principal of the school above referred to, and that they possess genuine poetic merit, will be seen by all.

**Memorial Song.**

BY MAGGIE M. TAYLOR.

Four hundred thousand patriots,
Freemen, who loved the right,
Gave their lives up to their country,
In the strength of manhood's might.
Left home, and wife, and children,
To shield the Stripes and Stars—
The flag of a Free Nation—
With its white and crimson bars.

They fell on fields of battle,
Starved in the prison pen;
But, did their courage falter,
Those brave, true, noble men?
Oh, no! the sacred honor
Of their country was defiled:
What mattered that the path to right
With bleaching bones was piled?

These polished stones, we crown to-day,
Are emblems of the ones
Our country's father's firmly laid
When the Union was begun.
These monuments, above the tombs
That rear their marble white,
Are, to all patriot freemen,
As 'twere a burning light.

To generations yet to come,
They'll tell the story, how
Our fathers fought, and bled, and died,
To lay the traitor's low;
And we, their children, proudly come
And raise our voice in song;
Resolving that, what'er the cost,
We'll never shield the wrong.

**The Graves of Our Fathers.**

BY MAGGIE M. TAYLOR.

Oh, God of the nation, our country we sing,
A fond heart's devotion; our tribute we bring,
On the graves of our father's our offerings we strew,
Where e'er we may find them 'neath Heaven's bright blue.

CHORUS.

The graves of our fathers shall ever be green,
From ocean to ocean in beauty be seen,
Their children be blessings at home and abroad,
Faithfully serving their country and God.

For when the dark conflict was raging so high,
In love for their country they offered to die,
They gave their lives freely, ask naught in return;
But for peace and for plenty, they nobly did yearn.

Some lie, with the orange tree waving on high,
On Gettysburg's plains their ashes may lie;
But their spirits may come on a mission to-day,
And be with us, though their bodies are far, far away.

And now when prosperity reigns o'er the land,
And the nations united, an unbroken band;
We will never forget those who suffered and bled,
For their memories are green, though their bodies are dead.

So we come here with pride that their children we are,
Who freed this Republic from oppression and war,
And adopt for our motto: *In Justice is Might,*
*And with God for our help, we will stand for the right.*

"Oh! land of the Pilgrims, dear land of the West,
Humanity shelters its life 'neath thy crest;
May the stars in thy banner, like stars in the sky,
Endure through the ages, for aye and for aye."

**Three** piles and ingroins at A. C. Hurst's

**The Waters Concerto Parlor Organ.** We are glad to chronicle any new thing, or any improvement upon an old one, that tends to popularize music by rendering its study either easier or more attractive. Lately our attention has been called to a new patented stop added to the Waters reed organ, called the "concerto stop." It is so voiced as to have a tone like a full, rich alto voice; it is especially "human" in its tone. It is powerful as well as sweet; and when we heard it we were in doubt whether we liked it best in solo or with full organ. We regard this as a valuable addition to the reed organ, and advise those intending to purchase such an instrument to examine the "concerto." Warerooms, 481 Broadway.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

**Don't** cut down your peach trees, even if they are apparently dead. A correspondent states that after a severe winter years ago most of his neighbors cut down their trees, as they showed no signs of life, but he left his, and the next season they came out in full life and bore fruit as usual. The experiment is worth trying.

**Aixminster's** wiltons and velvets at A. C. Hurst's

**The Remedy for Consumption.**—We do not speak now of the first cough, which so many people neglect; we do not speak of the sputs streaked with blood which warns of danger; and yet of the chilliness and weakening night sweats, sure harbingers of a once fatal disease, but we speak of the thing itself—Consumption in its direst form, which Dr. Keyser has often, and is now weekly and monthly, curing, with his extraordinary medicine, known as Lung Cure. Dr Keyser's Lung cure has become as justly celebrated for the cure of consumption, as Quinine ever was for the cure of ague. No weakening, blood poverishing medicine, but a builder up and strengthener of the human constitution, in a vast class of chronic diseases, which Dr. K has treated successfully for years, among which consumption is the chief. Get the doctor's essay free, at his office, 107 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Price of Lung Cure, $1.50 per bottle, or $7.50 per half dozen.

**Early** strawberries are not good.—They are small, green, sour and astringent, and injuriously affect the—pocket. Wait till they cost ten cents a box—then they are wholesome.

**Common** carpets, cheap at A. C. Hurst's.

**The** pale, sad looking young men whom one occasionally meets on the street are not mourning the loss of a friend, and are not divinity students. They are breaking in tight boots.

**The** cheapest clothing emporium west of Philadelphia is that of S. & J. Snellenburg's, Broadway, New Brighton.

**A Sad Accident at Stoneboro, Pa.**

Editor Argus:—This beautiful little borough was very much shocked by a terrible accident that occurred here on Friday afternoon, the 6th of June. Mr. D. Fry, a young man in the employ of the L. S. & M. S. Railroad, while trying to get on a switch engine whilst it was in motion, missed his footing, and his right foot and ankle was caught under the wheel and crushed into a jelly and torn apart. He was brought into the Lake House, and his wounds promptly attended to by Dr. J. H. Cristler, a young surgeon and physician residing in Stoneboro. He decided at once that the limb must be amputated. He set about it immediately, and in a short time the limb was off, the leg dressed, and the patient comfortable. The doctor deserves great credit, not only for his decision and coolness, but for the eminently skillful and scientific manner in which he performed his duty. He was assisted by Drs. Geibner and Dille. The patient is doing very well indeed. C. W.

*Stoneboro, Pa.*, June 10, 1873.

—The Dr. Cristler above referred to is a native of Beaver county, and it affords us pleasure to hear him so highly spoken of by those in whose midst he is practicing his profession.

**Carpets** at 25 cents per yard at Hurst's.

**Lawrence County has Him.**—Big Beaver township, Lawrence county, is now growing a boy of majestic proportions. James Cochran is his name, and sixteen years his age. He is six feet in height, and tilts the beam at three hundred pounds. The young giant is going to school, and it is alleged that he "reads, writes and ciphers" as well as those of his age generally do. If James is stout and active in proportion to his size, we desire always to be on friendly terms with him. No quarrels with that youth, so far as we are concerned.

**A. C. Hurst,** dealer in general merchandise, dry goods, groceries, fancy goods, varieties and notions. An excellent assortment of trimmings and millinery goods always on hand. The latest styles in hats, bonnets and artificials. A full line of carpets, oil cloths, mattings &c. Store, Bridge street, Bridgewater, Pa.

**A. C. Hurst,** dealer in carpets, oil cloths and mattings, Bridgewater Pa.

**Soldiers' Orphans.**—From our crowded columns last week, we were able only to notice the presence of Rev. W. G. Taylor, Phillipsburg, Soldiers' Orphans at the Decoration of the Soldiers' graves. There were 140 of these orphans present; the boys were dressed in a handsome uniform: blue jackets of fine blue cloth, and dark gray cassimere pants with black stripes down the outside, the stripes of the officers being of a different color; they wore white collars and were neat and clean—the very picture of health and vigor, and looked cheerful and happy. The girls were handsomely dressed. All the larger and middle-sized girls wore a handsome suit of Japanese reversible, and the small girls suits of London plaid, and all wore white collars and neckties, white straw hats with black trimming, and were neat and clean, and all in the vigor of health; not a single pale face in the number. Their deportment was unexceptionable; the discipline they showed was fine; their movements were complicated and often changed, and yet every one always came back to his place. Being invited by the G. A. R. to strew the flowers, they were so arranged as to do this to the best advantage and in a handsome manner. In the line were two boys and one girl with wreaths and flowers, then two girls, then two boys and one girl, then two boys, and so through the whole line of one hundred and forty. The boys would, in open column, let the girls pass, and as the girls came up again, every section was in its place, then two boys and one girl would leave the line and decorate a grave, the column still marching, and fall fall into line again without the slightest derangement. It must be remembered that this column was made up of children from 15½ years of age to 8½ years, and yet they had drilled but half an hour in this movement. They obey promptly the orders of their captain. These children show the culture and care they receive, and their health and vigor show what knowledge and experience, under the blessing of God, can do for the development of health and vigor and character in childhood. The many congratulations and compliments Prof. Taylor and his associates received, must have made it one of the proudest days of his life.

A gentleman of large wealth and very large experience in the world, said to one of our ministers "that he did not know how many other things Prof. Taylor might be fit for, but that we had, in the thorough discipline of his children, and in their department, dress and health, the evidence that he was eminently fitted for his present position."

Our band escorted the orphans to the upper part of the town, and the orphan boys gave three hearty cheers for the living soldiers of the last war. The ladies, Miss Wilson and others, had provided refreshments for them at the close of the exercises at the cemetery. One little girl stepped forward and moved that "we orphans return our thanks to the ladies and gentlemen for this kindness we have now received."

**Brussels,** English and American, at C. A. Hurst's.

**Summer** clothing of all kinds at low prices at S. & J. Snellenburg's.

**Obituary.**—Howard S., son of J. W. & M. E. Engle, died on Tuesday June 10th, 1873, aged 10 years and 6 months. His last illness, though not protracted, was very painful, and his exclamations for "help" were truly affecting to those who watched beside his pillow, endeavoring to soothe and comfort him. He was dear to his parents on account of his helpless and dependent condition,—he was not able to walk. We have laid his body in the grave, but Howard has gone up to wait for and welcome us to our Father's House.

"All day we watched the ebbing life
As if its flight to stay,
Till as the eve was coming on
Our last hope passed away.

We stroked the little sinking cheek,
The forehead pale and fair:
We kissed the small and ruby mouth—
For Howard still was there.

At last the fluttering pulse stood still;
The death-frost through his clay
Stole slowly, and, as evening came,
Our sweet flower passed away.

But years are moving quickly past,
And time will soon be o'er
Death shall be swallowed up of life
On that immortal shore.

Then shall we clasp that hand once more,
And smooth that silken hair,
Then shall we kiss those lips again
When Howard shall be there."

Industry, June 12th, 1873.

(*Radical please copy.*)

**Summer** clothing of all kinds at low prices at S. & J. Snellenburg's.

**Fifteen** years experience in the carpet trade: A. C. Hurst.

[For The Beaver Argus.]

Mr. Editor:—It was with regret and sadness I read in your paper the account of the sudden death of Mr. Jackson Spriggs.

I made his acquaintance in the fall of 1869, when I came to preach to the Presbyterian church of Connellsville, of which he was a member and a deacon.

He was timid and retiring in disposition; so timid that he told me afterwards he often stayed away from prayer meeting, lest he should be called on to lead in public prayer.

But during the winter of 69 and 70, there was more than ordinary interest in the church, and giving himself anew to Jesus, his backwardness and timidity were in a measure overcome, and he was ready to take part in social meetings; to visit, and talk and pray with the inquiring, and often at the pastor's request has he gone to see others for consultation and prayer. And this continued until he moved to Beaver the next fall.

He was a sincere, kind-hearted man, honorable and honest in his dealings, and generous and hospitable in his home. We parted with him and his estimable family with regret.

His natural diffidence among strangers; the fact that his membership had not been transferred to the Beaver Presbyterian Church, and other circumstances, prevented his Christian character from being known in your community as it otherwise would have been.

On Tuesday evening, before his death, he called on me a few minutes, and in the conversation, spoke with deep feeling of his Christian associations and enjoyments in Connellsville, and his comparative lack of them in his present home; and gave partly as the reason his timidity and his not having his membership there.

His sudden death caused a deep feeling of solemnity here, and stirred in some minds at least, the inquiry, "Am I ready." The warm sympathies of those who are acquainted with them go out to his bereaved family. May the Lord comfort them. Jno. M. Barnett.

*Connellsville, Pa.*, June 12, 1873.

**The Culture of the Hair.**—Just as surely as a soil infested with Canadian thistles can be made to produce fine crops of golden grain, the scalp now sparsely covered with harsh, dry unmanageable hair can be made prolific of silken tresses. All that is necessary to effect the change in either case is the *right kind of fertilizer.* Leaving the agricultural chemists to determine how the barren land shall be made fruitful, we positively assert that Lyon's Kathairon is unequaled as a *fertilizer and beautifier of the hair.* Twenty-five years of success is the basis of this unqualified statement. During that time it has been used by many millions of both sexes, and the first instance in which it has failed to fulfill the expectations of a rational purchaser has yet to be discovered. It will not cause hair to grow on a varnished gourd; but wherever the roots of the hirsute fibers remain undisturbed it will cause them to put forth new shoots, and in all cases where the hair has become thin it will increase its volume.

## THE FORTY ACRE FARM.

I'm thinkin', wife, of neighbor Jones, that man with stalwart arms,—
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty acre farm,
While mine are all around us with hands and hearts a-sore,
Who own two hundred acres and still are wanting more.

His is a pretty little farm; a pretty little house;
He has a loving wife within, as quiet as a mouse;
His children play around the door—their father's life to charm—
Looking as neat and tidy as the tidy little farm.

No weeds grow in that corn field, no thistles in his oats,
His horses show good keeping by their fine and glossy coats;
The cows within the meadow, resting 'neath the beeches shade,
Learn all their gentle manners of the gentle milking maid.

Within the field—the barnyard—he leaves no crop died grain
To be gathered on the morrow, for fear of coming rain;
He keeps the Sabbath holy—his children learn his ways—
And plenty fills his barn and bin after the harvest days.

He never has a lawsuit to take him to the town,
For the very simple reason, there are no line fences down
The bar-room in the village does not have for him a charm;
And I can always find my neighbor on his forty acre farm.

His acres are but very few, so he plows them very deep;
'Tis his own hands that guide the plow—'tis his own hands that reap;
He has a place for everything, and things are in their place;
The sunshine smiles upon his fields, contentment in his face.

May we not learn a lesson, wife, from prudent neighbor Jones,
And not—for what we haven't got—give way to sighs and moans?
The rich ain't always happy, nor free from life's alarms,
But blest are they who live content, though small may be their farms.

**Summer** clothing of all kinds at low prices at S. & J. Snellenburg's.

**Administrators' Sale.**—The undersigned, administratrix and administrator of the estate of the late E. P. Kuhn, will offer at public sale on the premises in Beaver, on Monday, June 23, 1873, at 1 o'clock p. m., the following property, to wit: Two horses, two buggies—one new, harness, saddle, bridle—both new, a valuable collection of law books, book cases, chairs, tables, together with other property not necessary to mention. Six months' credit will be given on all sums exceeding $5. Mrs. M. L. Kuhn,
James H. Cunningham.

**Festivals.**—We hope that the good people of this vicinity will not forget the festivals this week for the benefit of the different Sabbath Schools. On this (Tuesday) evening our Presbyterian friends, hold a festival in the Beaver Seminary for the benefit of their Sabbath School; and on next Friday evening the M. E. Church of Vanport, hold a festival in their church building in that place, in aid of their Sabbath School. Being worthy objects, we trust that large crowds of people may attend both of these gatherings, and that the sums of money realized may be in proportion to the good sought to be attained.

**Post this up.**—*Changes after June* 30th, 1873.

1. Franking privilege abolished.

2. Postmasters supplied with official stamps.

3. Official stamps must not be used except for official business.

4. Stamp of one department cannot be used for correspondence of another.

5. No matter can pass through the mails free.

6. Postage must be collected on newspapers published in the county where delivered.

7. Exchanges not free. Publishers must pay postage on each exchange received.

8. Postal cards uncalled for are not sent to Dead Letter Office.

9. Postal cards cannot be used a second time.

10. Ordinary cards can be transmitted through the mails by affixing one cent stamp, provided the entire message is printed. The address may be written.

POSTAGE.

Letters—Three cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof.

Drop Letters—Where delivered by carriers two cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof. All other offices one cent for each half ounce or fraction thereof.

Printed Matter—One cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. Seeds, bulbs, cuttings, roots, scions, chromos and engravings are classed with printed matter.

Merchandise—Two cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof, limited to twelve ounces. When any of the above matter is mailed wholly unpaid, and by inadvertence reaches its destination, double rates should be charged and collected.—*Postoffice Gazette.*

**Reduced** prices in millinery goods, at Hibbard's, Rochester. Hats and bonnets from 10 cents to $1.00. Call and see. je18-2w

**Nomination to West Point.**

*J. Weyand, Esq.*

Dear Sir:—Having been notified by the War Department to nominate a legally qualified candidate for appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point from this Congressional District, you will please permit me to announce through your columns that the selection will be made dependent upon a competitive examination, which shall be conducted by a committee of competent gentlemen to be chosen at an early day. As it is important that the nomination be made not later than the 15th of July; the examination must be held prior to that date, and will therefore take place at New Brighton on Friday, July 11.

Those who think of making application will please remember that candidates are admitted only between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, and must be not less that five feet in height. They must also be free from any infections or immoral disorder, and, generally, from any deformity, disease or infirmity which may render them unfit for arduous military service.

With respect to mental qualifications they must be proficient in reading and writing; in the elements of English Grammar; in Descriptive Geography, particularly of our own country, and in the History of the United States. In Arithmetic, the various operations in addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, reduction, simple and compound proportion, and vulgar and decimal fractions, must be thoroughly understood and readily performed.

The committee will examine both as to mental and physical qualifications, and the applicant who, in their opinion, shall have passed the best examination will be recommended for appointment, and must be at West Point not later than the 25th of August ensuing.

Those desiring further information on the subject can address me at Washington, Pa. W. S. Moore.

**College Exercises.**—The lecture on the "Elements of Success in the School Room," by Prof. Eberhart, before the normal was highly interesting and profitable.

The Young Folks' Entertainment is to be given next Tuesday evening in the lecture room of the M. E. Church. The exercises of the normal class in the same place Friday evening of next week. Proceeds in each case for the benefit of their respective libraries.

**Baccalaureate by Dr. Loomis, Sunday** morning, June 29. Concert evening of June 30. Dedication and Commencement July 1.

**Court Proceedings.**—The following cases were disposed of at our June term of Court:

Commonwealth vs. C. A. Griffin *et al.* Indictment, riot; case tried; defendants found guilty of assault and battery: fined one cent each and costs.

Same vs. Sampson Marker, Indictment, assault and battery. Ignoramus. Prosecutor, Frank Wynn to pay the costs.

Same vs. Frank Wynn. Indictment, assault and battery. Ignoramus. Prosecutor, Sampson Marker, to pay the costs.

Same vs. Sylvester Craft and Thomas Davis. Indictment, assault and battery. Ignoramus, and prosecutor, John Reeves, to pay the costs.

Same vs. Henry R. Foote. Indictment, false pretences. True bill.

Same vs. John Grabing. Indictment, voluntary escape. True bill; case tried; defendant acquitted.

Same vs. Seth Whitsell. Indictment, assault and battery. True bill; case tried; defendant acquitted on account of insanity at the time the offense was committed. Sent to the Insane Asylum.

Same vs. George Greer. Indictment, aggravate assault and battery. True bill; defendant pay the costs of the prosecution.

Same vs. Robert Dill *et al.* Indictment, larceny. True bill.

Same vs. John Canning. Indictment, selling liquor without a license. Ignoramus, and prosecutor, Thos Davis, to pay the costs.

Same vs. John Canning. Indictment, selling liquor on Sunday. Ignoramus, and prosecutor, Thos. Davis, to pay the costs.

Same vs. Abram Bently, sr., *et al.* Indictment, nuisance. Ignoramus, and the prosecutor, Chas. Coale to pay the costs.

Same vs. William Garvin and Stewart Garvin. Indictment, assault and battery. True bill.

Same vs. Sarah J. Garvin. Indictment, assault and battery. True bill.

Same vs. Stewart Garvin. Charge, surety of the peace on oath of Isabella Garven. True bill.

Same vs. Charles Ink. Indictment, selling liquor on Sunday. Ignoramus, and prosecutor, J. A. Anderson, to pay the costs.

Same vs. Charles Ink. Indictment, selling liquor on election day. Ignoramus, and prosecutor, J. A. Anderson, to pay the costs.

Same vs. William F. Modes, Indictment, false pretences. Ignoramus, and prosecutor, Samuel Musser, to pay the costs.

**Oil Cloths,** mattings, window shades and bol. lands at A. C. Hurst's.

**Attention** is directed to the communication in another column, of our member of Congress, Hon. W. S. Moore. If we have any youths in this county who have West Point aspirations now is the time to brighten up, put in an appearance in New Brighton on the 11th of July, and undergo examination by a committee appointed for that purpose.

**Most** fashionable nouses in Beaver county furnished with carpets by A. C. Hurst.

**J. H. Odell, esq.,** at one time editor of the *Local,* published in Beaver, is now conducting the *Vindicator,* at Youngstown, Ohio. In his issue of last week we find the following:

MURDEROUS ASSAULT UPON THE EDITOR OF THE VINDICATOR.

Last week the *Vindicator* had occasion, in the course of its local meanderings, to denominate Captain Travis, "champion shootist," as the "prince of dead beats." Well, it turned out that the Captain didn't like the title—he didn't want to be a prince all at once—preferred to search up the ranks, and in due time gain princely promotion by shooting the editor of the *Vindicator.* This latter fact the old cockadoodle essayed to perform, Tuesday evening last, as the editor was standing and conversing with one of his employes on North Hazel street. He seemingly sprung like a meteor from some crevice in the rear of Excelsior Block, and without giving the editor—which is us—the least opportunity to run, planted himself at the distance of about eight feet in our—we mean the editor's—front, drew a revolver, took aim and told yo editor to "prepare to die." But the editor, not being prepared to die, just deliberately (having no opportunity to run, bear in mind) "sot" his eye on the eye of the dead-beat shootist, and thus saved himself—just as he had frequently before saved himself when passing a farm house and we confronted by a vicious dog. But our suspense, on this occasion, was more than on ordinary dog occasions. Looki ng into the muzzle of a revolver and at the same time holding the eye of the assassin who is pointing it at you, is a sort of a suspensy business. If you don't believe it, try it on.

Well, (once more "well," of course,) a friend of Travis', named Nosely, a cigar maker, stepped up and prevented a further catastrophe by striking us—editor—in the mouth, which strike sent us immediately to "grass." (We believe "grass" is the classical for the prize ring.) As soon as we recovered consciousness—which was quickly—we rose up and found that our upper lip had been slightly damaged. And then we got mad; and with our "blue cotton umbrella" in our hand (which article we had saved from the wreck,) we marched boldly forth to the Mayor's office and made complaint that we had been assassinated.

The Mayor at once put Officer Rook on the scent of the assassins, who, by the way, had taken occasion to escape or secret themselves while we were gathering ourself up from "grass."

Marshal Evans was afterwards dispatched on the same scent, " and presently Nosely, who was found secreted in an attic near the scene of hostilities, was ushered into the presence of the Mayor, before whom he was at once tried on a charge of assault and battery. Nosely pleaded not guilty to the accusation, and offered a number of witnesses in proof of his innocence. But, some how or other, his witnesses "went back on him," proved him guilty; and then the Nosely changed his plea from "not guilty" to "guilty," and was fined $10 and costs—which he paid.

**Persian Oleine** cures cholera, cramp, dysentery and all pain. Sold by druggists, dealers and agents. Price 50 cents.

**For** some time past the Allegheny county beaux have been marrying and taking away Beaver ladies at the rate of one per week. In all candor we think this thing has now gone far enough. If the Beaver gallants cannot prevent this state of things the press will be obliged to interfere. Confidentially, however, it speaks well for the ladies of our staid and model town.

Dear Mollie.—Meet at the Beaver Drug Store we must take a glass of Andriessen's exquisite sparkling soda water before we can risk the ice cream and strawberries at the festival to-night. Do not disappoint. Yours affectionately.

Sallie.

**Trouble Among the Chinamen.**—On last Friday a tr

## SELECT POETRY.

### Your Souls are True.

BY JAMES PETTIGREW, JR.

Oh, the miles lie wide between thee and me,
And the clouds are dropping snow,
And the winter wind, in an angry fleet,
Drifts the snow-flakes to and fro;
But the biting cold and the winter storm,
And the drifting clouds above,
If our souls are true and our hearts are warm,
Have no power to chill our love.

Oh, the world may frown like the winter sky.
And the life blasts wildly blow,
And with bleeding feet, perhaps you and I
May yet tread the cold, white snow;
But although some hope shall be made a grave,
And by us ere life be past,
If our souls are true and our hearts are brave,
We willl reach the goal at last.

Some malicious ones may send barbed darts
From their fortress, as we go,
And may wring a ride from our aching hearts
That will stain the pure white snow;
But although it seems we cannot endure
All the pain, the woe, the chill,
If our souls are true and our aims are pure,
They can never wound to kill.

There's a brighter life, and for us, thank God!
If we find it not below,
When these forms are living beneath the sod,
And the drifting winter snow;
We will find it where all his children do—
And that Heaven is very near—
If our aims are pure, and our hearts are true,
While upon our journey here.

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

### WORKING AND RESTING.

"John, I wish you would call at Mrs. Flynn's on your way to town and ask her to come next week and help me clean house. It's getting pretty late, and I don't like to put it off so long."

The man took a step or two forward, then turned toward the fall, spare, hollow eyed woman, who was his wife, and answered: "Is it really necessary, Susan?"

A glance around the room was her answer.

"Let it go this fall," said the man, "I'm sure it don't look very bad."

"Oh, John, the house is dreadful dirty. Look at the walls and windows."

"Pooh! I see dirtier ones every day." Then as if another thought struck him, he said: "Couldn't you do a part this week and a part next?"

"I don't know. Perhapsso."

The answer came in discouraged tones, and the churning was continued in nervous spasmodic jerks.

The man saw her discouraged look, and said, as he went out: "Well, if you must, I reckon I can let her know."

I don't see how it is," said he, soliloquising, as he trotted his horse at a slow rate along the winding prairie road. "I can't see how it is that Susan thinks she must hire so much done. Looks like she ought to be able to do all she has to do. True, in harvest time it comes a little hard for her. I hire three or four men then, that makes more cooking, but then I've heard wimmen say they'd as soon cook for six as two. Now, there's my mother; she used to cook for eight or ten men in harvest time and had seven children to do for. We've only four youngsters, and don't milk half as many cows as father used to. But I reckon the wimmen them days were made of better stuff than now-a-days. Git up, Dobbin. I've hired a heap of work done fur Susan this year. She had help when we killed hogs, and then she was sick and 'Nerv Gilman come and stayed two weeks, and I had to give her five dollars and her board. I couldn't very well agord it, either, for my mowing machine must be paid for this fall, and I want to buy some more stock too, this fall, and I must have a corn-planter next spring. But here, if I haven't passed Mrs. Flynn's and didn't stop. Git up, Dobbin."

What was the hollow-eyed, tired-looking-woman thinking of all this time? Thinking of. She had no time to think of anything but work. The churning was not yet done, the breakfast dishes were unwashed, the milk was not skimmed, the week's ironing stared her in the face, and last, but not least, was the little one tugging at her skirts, begging for nourishment. But it does not cry, so she keeps on churning until the little one's patience is exhausted and its screams are heard above the slash, dash, slash of the churn. The mother can no longer resist—baby must be cared for though all else go untouched.

She was naturally a tidy woman, and as she looked around upon the untidy house she grew nervous almost to despair, and the tears fell fast upon the baby's face at her breast.

Oh, how welcome are these silent visitors when the heart is overburdened by grief or trial! They seem to be the rivers that wash our hearts from selfishness.

Mrs. Wilton wept long and bitterly; but when the tears were wiped away so also was her burden of toil and care, and tenderly kissing her sleeping babe she laid him in his crib and went about her work cheerfully, if not contentedly. She possessed a cheerful disposition naturally, but she was not a stranger to those hopes and aspirations that come to most of us to cheer our discontent. She loved nature, and longed for a stroll over the prairie that lay broad and bright around her. But she found very little encouragement for luxuries, even the luxury of a ramble out of doors.

Her husband was a serdid, money-loving, money-getting man, who saw no use for anything that there was no money in. He knew all the ways and means of money getting and money keeping. He had taken his wife from a loving home in an Eastern State, and made for himself a home on the prairies of the West. He was deemed a very shrewd man by the neighbors around. He knew when to buy stock and when to sell. He knew when a piece of land was worth buying or selling, and was always getting some "good chance." His wife had long ago found out that money was his idol, and everything must be sacrificed to it—even herself, she sometimes thought, when, with aching head and tired feet, she had sought her pillow. Thus the years had gone by, until few would recognize in the hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, prematurely-old woman, the fresh, rosy girl John Wilton had brought there eight years before.

Mrs. Wilton did not ask her husband if he had stopped at Mrs. Flynn's, she supposed of course he had; and the following week she watched every day for her expected help. Watched but not waited, but as the hours went by, she began the task and kept at it until it was done.

Mr. Wilton pretended not to see all this. He kept aloof as much as possible, so as to avoid any explanation he might be called upon to make; but when alone with himself, he said:

"Well, Susan is getting along nicely, after all. She'll have the house shinin' agin Saturday night, and then I'll just give her the money I'd had to pay Mrs. Flynn. It'll go toward buyin' the winter things for the family;" and he gave the well-filled pocket-book a loving squeeze.

Saturday night found the house all smiling, as Mr. Wilton had prophesied, but Mrs. Wilton looked more tired and worn than ever. It had been a hard week for her, and even the clean house was hardly a recompense. But Mr. Wilton felt satisfied. Strange that he could not perceive the odor of the essence of life in the shining windows and whitened walls; but he only said, as he glanced about him,

"The house-cleaning is over, eh? Well, here's five dollars to pay your women with," and he chuckled to himself, for he well knew some of it would come back to him in the shape of socks and undershirts.

"I wouldn't for four times that much feel so worn out as I do to-night," sighed Mrs. Wilton to herself, as she thanked him, and stowed the pittance away for future use.

The weeks wore on toward winter, and Mrs. Wilton sighed heavily as she thought of the garments, large and small, to be bought and made. First John must be fitted up, then the four little ones, and lastly herself. Her own shawl would be slim, she thought, but then she had not much out-door work to do, and she could get along with less. But, oh! she did long so much for a new merino dress, with bright, warm tints, or a pair of gloves, or a collar and a bit of ribbon for her neck. But these were not to be thought of. Nothing but bare necessities could be hers, for John had been buying stock, and paid for his mowing machine, and met a note or two, and he felt "quite poor," he said.

Poor woman! She had not had a nice dress since her marriage. Then she had a good supply—but things will wear out, and most of these were now doing duty as children's clothes, or skirts for herself, and her best dress now was a cheap delaine. She sighed just a little, half-smothered sigh, as she thought of all this on the day she went to lay out her money. It did not take her long to dispose of the small amount, for she had lain awake nights, pondering how to make one dollar to do the duty of two, and the problem was worked out with the utmost precision.

Now that the goods were purchased the next trouble was how to get them made soon enough. She had been obliged to put off purchasing for want of means, and now she could not tell which was most needed.

"If I only could get some one to help me for a week, I could soon see my way clear," said Mrs. Milton to her husband, one evening, as she sat stitching on her little garments; "or, better still, had I a sewing machine," she ventured to say.

Mr. Wilton knocked the ashes off his cigar, and said, "I don't know how it is, Susan, that you're always complaining of having so much to do, and wanting help all the time. Why, there's mother, she never used to think of hiring any work done. She used to make everthing for eight of us, and weave all the cloth besides."

Mrs. Wilton did not answer, her heart was too full.

"Now-a-days the wimmen want so much help to get rid of work," continued Mr. Wilton. "I'd like to get a sewin' machine, but it's out of the question now, there's so much to be got."

Mrs. Wilton thought of the mower and the corn-planter, but said nothing; she felt a little pang shoot through her heart, then it sank back again as a heavy load. She did not go to bed that night until long after her husband was sleeping soundly. She had worked hard all day, and sleep would be a welcome guest, but the little garment was much needed, and she must sit up and make it. Oh, how her tired eyes ached, but not worse than the poor, hungry heart ached for sympathy and comfort. She thought of her money-loving husband, and wished he might become more thoughtful of her comfort. "If it were not for my children," she cried to herself. "I could see very little to live for." Then the thought of her little ones, motherless, sent the fresh tears to her eyes, but gave a sudden impulse to her tired fingers, and she stitched away for another hour and saw the garment completed, and neatly folding it away, she sought her much needed rest. Breakfast morning Mr. Wilton put on a warm, new undershirt, and saw his little ones looking fresh and sweet in their new garments; but he saw not that the fingers which had so patiently wrought out these changes were that morning scarcely strong enough to fasten the garments of the little ones about their chubby little forms.

Spring came, bright and joyous as ever, dotting the prairies with flowers and filling upland and valley with floods of melody. Mrs. Wilton had been growing thinner and paler all winter, and was now scarcely able to be about the house. The doctor had recommended rest—but how could she rest with so much lying undone about her.

"If I could only go away for awhile," she said one morning, when she was feeling weaker than usual. "If I could only go home to mother for a visit, I know she could nurse me up all right again," and the pale lips quivered visibly.

"I wish you could, I'm sure," replied her husband. "But, Susan, I don't see how I can afford it. I might sell some stock, but prices are low now, it would not pay at all. I couldn't get much more for them calves than I gave for 'em last fall, after keeping 'em all winter. And buying my corn-planter, about took all my cash."

Mrs. Wilton did not reply. Indeed, I doubt very much if she heard his remarks at all, for she was dreaming of the old homestead, with its wide gables and large comfortable rooms—of the stately maples, that she knew were now putting forth their young blossoms from their candelabra-shaped limbs—of the sloping meadow, with its violet-covered hillsides—of the robin's nest in the cherry tree; and, above all, of the sweet old face that loomed up through all, and with outstretched arms yearned to embrace her tired birdling in the home nest.

John Wilton glanced at her as he went out of the door, and mistook the flush of anticipated joy for the bloom of health, and went off saying: "I guess she'll get better as the days get warmer. I will try to hire somebody for her this summer."

"I can do nothing for her," said Dr. Graves to Mr. Wilton, who had followed him out of Mrs. Wilton's chamber.

"Nothing for her? My God, doctor! You don't mean that she is past help?" and John Wilton's heart seemed to stand still for a moment.

"I did not say she was past help," replied the doctor. "The truth is, Mr. Wilton, your wife is worked down, and unless she has rest, and plenty of it, she will die. And, I may as well say, she will never get rest here. She must go away where she will have no care of house or family, or she will die. You may find another wife, but your children will never find another mother." So saying, the good doctor drove away.

The door was partly open, and Mrs. Wilton had heard, in her sick chamber, the doctor's words, and her heart gave a great heave which undoubtedly would have created alarm for her had the doctor known it.

Oh, if she could only go home! Home to the old homestead—home to mother and rest, rest, rest. Oh, how long it had seemed since she realized the fullest meaning of that word—even while she lay there she seemed to hear her mother's voice, and feel her soft hand caressing her. But the next moment came the realizing sense of the impossibility of such happiness. How could she go with the children, now that she was so weak; and how could she be spared to go, and lastly, how could John afford to let her go? All hope seemed lost when she looked the matter straight in the face, and she turned her white face to the wall and shut her eyes as if to keep back the tears which she felt were coming.

Meantime, John Wilton was thoroughly aroused. He stood for a long time just where the doctor had left him. After a time, he started up as if seized by a new impulse and went into the house, to his wife's sick room. Mrs. Wilton was lying very still, with her face turned from him. He went softly up to her bedside, to see if she was sleeping. A ray of sunlight, coming through the torn window shade, revealed a tear, trembling beneath the half-closed lids, and John Wilton turned away with a sigh so deep, that his wife turned feebly on her pillow, and without opening her eyes, asked:

"What is it, John? What is wrong."

"I am wrong, Susie, dear!"

It had been many a day since Mrs. Wilton had heard him call her Susie, and it was no wonder that she opened her eyes in astonishment.

He was at her bedside now, trembling like a convict.

"Do you hate me, Susie?"

"John, what a question! You know better."

"You are an angel, or you would hate me. Here I have been killing you by inches for years, and never thought, until to-day, that you might be mortal. The doctor has been telling me that—that—"

"I heard it all, John," said Mrs. Wilton, the tears trickling down her wan cheeks.

"Did you? Well, Susie, it shall be as you said. You shall have rest. You shall go home to your mother, and stay a year, if need be."

"But how can you spare me John?"

"How could I spare you forever?" whispered her husband.

"But, John, how can you afford it?"

"Well enough. But we must not talk about it now. You are too weak to be excited about anything. You are to get well as fast as you can, and in two weeks we will all be off for mother's."

Mr. Wilton proved a true prophet, for in two weeks' time Mrs. Wilton was far enough recovered to begin the journey. How far the prospect of that journey went toward making her able to undertake it, we will not say.

Mr. Wilton accompanied his wife. It was too much for her to undertake to go alone with the children, the doctor said, and Mr. Wilton was very obedient, cheerfully acquissing in every suggestion and even suggesting things for her comfort tha he once would have thought unnecessary expenditures. But Mr. Wilton was not minding the expense now. He had sold his young stock for much less than he had paid for them, that his wife might be nursed back to life and health. And he could but rejoice at the sacrifice when he saw her eyes grow bright and her step elastic.

"Stay as long as you please," was his parting message to his wife, as he bade her adieu at the door of the homestead.

Six months Susan Wilton stayed in the home nest. Oh, what a joyous thorough rest was that! It seemed so good to wander about the old place again, almost as free from care as in her girlhood days, now gathering the flowers from the hillsides, or bathing her tired feet in the meadow brook, or sitting beneath the shadows of the stately maples, twining their leaves into garlands, hunting hens' nests with the children, and enjoying all their games with a relish she never dreamed she could feel again. And what a joy to sit for hours at the feet of her who guided her own faltering steps. The poor worn-out woman drank in every moment of joy as though she knew the cup would not always be so full.

But with returning health came a strong desire to return home and to its duties and cares once more. So, one morning, in early winter, she left her good-byes among the hills of her old home, and went back to life's every day duties with a glad and thankful heart. But the old life with its ceaseless round of work and "toil without recompense" was over. There were to be no more disapprobation, no more of the "penny wise and pound foolish" economy. Hus band and wife share alike in comforts, and the old hard life is buried.

### A WIFE'S WANDERINGS.

**A Home Circle Broken—A Mother's Flight—A Husband Broken Down With Silent Grief—Wealth Secured and Death Come—The Return of the Prodigal—A Strange Story.**

In the summer of 1865, just shortly after the close of the war, a young man who had been a stranger in the place, made his appearance in a quiet country village within a radius of thirty miles of Johntson, Pa. He soon secured the acquaintance of the citizens generally, and particularly ingratiated himself into the good graces of the lady of a household whose husband was frequently compelled to be absent from home on business required in the manufacture in which he was engaged. The young man we speak of was gifted with a most pleasing address, and the young wife, who had only been married some three years, began to look upon the plausible stranger in a way that boded no good for the future peace and happiness of a heretofore loving and prosperous home. Neighbors began to remark in a gossiping kind of a way that Mrs. C. was tolerating attentions from him, that if known to her husband, would certainly excite grave suspicions in his mind as to whether she was not permitting this intimacy to border on criminality. Finally the sad end came. One morning, during the absence of the husband, a neighbor who called at the young wife's house discovered that that lady was not at home. Toward noon that day suspicion became rife that an elopement had been planned and carried out between the stranger and Mrs. C., as a visit to the inn where he had been stopping revealed the fact that he had left the house the previous evening at a late hour and did not return again. Three days afterward the husband came back from a business visit to Clearfield and found that his happy home was broken up.

If he felt grief over this sad ending to the long years of wedding bliss that had been anticipated by him when he first married the girl of his choice, he did not show it publicly. He went about his busines in the same manner that he did when everything was apparently moving in the quiet groove of domestic happiness existing before the tempter came, but those who knew him best were aware that he was undergoing the keenest and most poignant anguish over the faithlessness of his chosen companion.

Matters passed on quietly in the village spoken of during the interval between that time and the present. For a year or two business retrograded, and some of the families living there at that time left. Three whom we were personally acquainted with now reside in this city. But new manufactures suddenly gave an impetus to the place. Enterprising capitalists invested in the vicinity, and the village commenced to improve. The husband of whom we are writing had owned large tracts of land in the neighborhood and suddenly he found a market for the timber growing upon it. He became comparatively wealthy, but his brooding sorrow over the criminal elopement of his wife seemed to affect him more deeply as time wore on, and only a few months ago he passed away.

And now comes the strange part of our story. About two weeks ago a woman rather poorly yet cleanly dressed made her appearance in the village. She inquired for Mr. C. at the hotel to which she wended her steps. On being told of his death she became visibly affected. Shortly after she left the house and proceeded to the residence of an unmarried sister, the only relative of her deceased husband. Upon entering, the erring but repentant woman who had left her happy home eight year's previously was not recognized. She upbraided as she expected. Her sister-in-law said to her that the husband had enacted a promise prior to his decease, that if the wife should ever return she should be received and cared for. These two women are now living together, and the widow who once took the fatal step avows her determination to atone for her error in the past. The person who enticed her from home, abandoned her about two years ago in Denver, Colorado, and since then she had heard nothing of him. In the meantime she supported herself by doing the housework for a respectable family in that city. This narrative is given us by a gentleman who is thoroughly conversant with all the facts, and who vouches for the statements contained therein.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

### Total Wheat Production of the United States.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 3.—The Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture, Hon. F. Watts, has furnished the Chamber of Commerce here a very interesting tabular statement, which was bulletined on 'Change to-day and attracted much attention, showing the number of bushels of wheat raised in each State of the Union in each of the past two years. The total estimate production in the United States in 1872 was 249,997,000 bushels; showing an increase of 12,725,000 bushels compared with the crop of 1871. The largest production of any single State was California, 25,600,000 bushels; Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa respectively ranked next to California, ranging from 23,000,000 to 24,700,000 bushels. The total production in the Northwestern States named in 1872 was 92,298,000 bushels, an increase of 26,230,000 bushels over the crop of 1871 in the same States. Secretary Langdon, of the Chamber of Commerce, is authority for the statement that 43,855,000 bushels of wheat, including flour, had been received at Milwaukee and Chicago and other points up to May 31st last, from the crop of 1872. In the four great wheat producing States of the Northwest, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, which together with the estimated amounts for food and seed in these States, leaves an available surplus still to come forward between the first of June and the incoming of the next harvest of 16,722,000 bushels in wheat and flour.

### The Raids on the Texas Border.

A letter from Corpus Christi, Texas, gives some particulars of the raids across the Rio Grande into Texas by the Kickapoos and Mucelura Indians, the same whom General McKenzie recently pursued and attacked on Mexican territory. These predatory tribes cross the river in bands of forty or fifty, mounted, armed with rifles and bows and arrows, and when on Texau soil break up into parties of ten or twelve, go in quest of booty, which generally consists of horses, and then, returning, rendezvous at a certain point on the river and re-enter Mexican Territory united. The Texan ranch-owners generally suffer the loss of their stock while the Mexican Shepherds residing on the ranches as generally lose their lives. The same letter mentions, in this connection, the absurdly exaggerated claims which many of these ranches are laying before the Boundary Claim Commission for which they have suffered from these free-booters from Mexico. In some cases where $5,000 or at most $10,000 would amply cover all losses, claims have been sent in amounting to $200,000 or $300,000. In most instances of this kind the claimants have been influenced to this action by the advice of the lawyers and claim agents, who stipulate for contingent fees amounting to about thirty per cent. of the claim. This course, say the best citizens of the section in which these claims arise, has the tendency to throw suspicion on all the claims presented before the Commission.

—Col. Thomas A. Scott, the greatest railroader in the country of this era, intends to visit the money centres of Europe this summer, for the purpose of presenting to the financiers of the old world the superior advantages of the Southren Pacific railroad as a source of investment. It is time that a man of Colonel Scott's ability and reputation makes his appearance in Europe, to counteract the prejudices formed there against American railroad interests by the manner in which the Atlantic and Great Western railroad has been mismanaged, and the disgraceful conduct of Fremont in putting worthless bonds on the market. The business career of Colonel Scott is unblemished, and his association with the railroad development of the continent, unimpeachable. Hence, his appearance in Europe would tend to restore confidence in our business integrity, and raise the character of our railroad enterprise to its proper standard.—*Harrisburg State Journal.*

### A Moravian Cemetery.

A letter from Salem, N. C., to the Richmond *Enquirer* gives the following:

In the Moravian Cemetery, in Salem, they separate and classify their dead—male infant from female; the old from the young; the married from the unmarried; they won't bury the husband by his wife. The dead are all plated on an equality. The tombstones are all alike, being small blocks of marble a foot square, that they place at the head of the grave. No different tombstone is allowed, Neither can you find a single epitaph. Some of the graves are over 100 years old. One, a negro's reads. "Abraham Niger, Guinea, died April 12, 1770." On Easter mornings, soon after midnight, the Moravians get up and march to this cemetery with a band of music in front, and the procession tapered off from the youngest to the oldest person, who brings up the rear. They remain in the cemetery playing music and conducting services until morning. It is said they go there to see the dead rise. When a Moravian dies in Salem, instead of tolling the bells, they announce the death with a band of music in the church belfry. They have three different tunes: One for the old, one for the young, and one for the married. An old inhabitant's death is blown out soft and solemn and with lengthend notes.

### The Battle of Winchester.

The Indianapolis *Journal* says: During General Sheridan's stay here he was conversing with a few friends touching his military experiences and campaigns. when he said: "There is a mighty sight of romance and a great many interesting episodes connected with the war that the historians never got hold of. For instances, there has been a great deal said about the battle of Winchester, a little affair in which I had a hand. Well, it was a pretty square fight, but do you know that battle was fought on the strength of information which I obtained from a young lady in the town of Winchester, and if the rebels had known she was giving it to me they would have hung her in a minute? I was very anxious to get information of the rebel strength and movements, so as to know just when and where to strike them, but I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union young lady in Winchester who could be relied upon if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man, living outside of my lines, who had a pass to go into Winchester to sell vegetables. I sent for the old man, and on talking with him found him loyal, as all the colored folks were, you know. Finding he could keep a secret, I asked him if he would undertake to deliver a letter to a young lady in Winchester. The old fellow said he would; so I wrote a letter on thin tissue paper, and rolled it up in tin foil. It made a ball about as big as the end of your thumb, and I told the old man to put it in his mouth and deliver to Miss Wright in Winchester. He went off, and in about two days came back with an answer rolled up in the same piece of tin foil. I found I struck a mighty good lead, and I followed it carefully till I got all the information I wanted. She gave me more important information than I got from all other sources, and I planned the battle of Winchester almost entirely on what I got from her. She was a nice girl, and true as steel."

—A poetic Hibernian explains that love is commonly spoken of as a "flame" because it is a *tinder* sentiment.


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Letters of administration on the estate of Jackson Spriggs, deceased, late of the borough of Beaver, Beaver county, Pa., having been granted to Mary Spriggs, residing in the borough of Beaver, and A. R. Spriggs residing in Charles City, Iowa, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
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Letters of administration upon the estate of Amos W. Ewing, dec'd, late of Industry township in the county of Beaver, and State of Pennsylvania, having been granted to the subscriber residing in said township all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby requested to make known the same to the undersigned with-ut delay.
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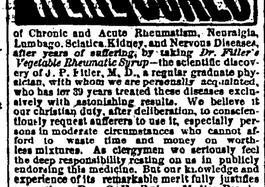


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| Hall | Gilt. |
| Library, | Panel. |
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| Parlor | Emboss